Week ending February 7 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

A MILLION MORE BABIES

Facts About Britain's "Boom" in Births

by Dr. HARVEY GRAHAM

PAGE 7

Stewart MacPherson

SAYS—

"Perfect shaving? The answer is a Pal hollow ground blade!"

Stewart, of course, is referring to the new blue Pal blades. Like a barber's razor, these blades are actually hollow ground. Yet they fit all popular double-edged safety razors. Pal's durable hollow ground edge is so sharp that you are advised to shave lightly at first. You will see your whiskers vanish with just a *'feather touch.'*

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What do we women *really* think about the down-and-coming hem line? If it's becoming, we'll start Operation Lengthen—and feverishly count our coupons. Trouble is, shall we . . . shan't we . . . tricky, isn't it?

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Waterproof backing. Rounded ends and sides. Day-long softness. Soluble with loops 12 for 1/8d. Cotton wool with loops 12 for 2/4d. Plain wrappings.

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HOW TO BREAK DOWN

catarrh

AND CLEAR **COLDS**

To break down catarrh, and clear colds, you need to do three things—clear congestion of nose and throat, disinfect inflamed tissues, and tone up mucous membranes. Ephedrine will do the first. Silver Vitellin will do the second. And normal saline will do the third.

For years scientists tried to combine these three ingredients in a stable solution. At long last this has been achieved in Argotone Nasal Drops—*but only in Argotone.* That is why Argotone will definitely break down your catarrh, will definitely clear your cold.

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THE perfected SHAVE

Brylshave brings you *perfect* shaving. Brushless; without sting or razor scrape. Smooth, quick, very, very comfortable — barber-like! No razor clog. Special emollients leave the skin soft and refreshed. Try this new comfort shaving that Brylshave brings to one and all.

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MEDICINAL
PASTILLES

based on the skill and experience of three generations

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P4

Under five — but Very Important People. That's why they have to have Very Important Priorities. Or rather — *ought* to have. The Government gives them first call on foods that help them to grow up sturdy and sound. But it's up to you to see that they get them. Check through this list and make sure that your children are having all they're entitled to.

These Foods for Health and Growth

There's MILK—Nature's finest "all-round" nourishment for young growing creatures! Children need every drop of their Priority Milk for making firm muscle, straight bones, and for its growth-promoting vitamins. So don't let any of the children's milk find its way into the family teacups.

There are two other foods that children sometimes go without because it is not always realised that they *are* foods—COD LIVER OIL and ORANGE JUICE. These are not medicines for little invalids but foods needed by normal children all the year round.

COD LIVER OIL helps make bones grow straight and strong and aids the development of sound teeth. It also protects from eye trouble and strengthens natural resistance to illness.

ORANGE JUICE makes and keeps teeth and gums healthy, gives a lovely clear skin and guards from infection.

EGGS are also rich in body-building nourishment children need.

FRUIT when available is a healthy treat—but get it in addition to, not instead of, the orange juice.

How to get Priority Foods

You get Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice from special distribution centres, clinics, food offices and other convenient places. Your Food Office will tell you your nearest, but you need not go to the same place every time. There are special coupons in the Green Ration Book for these two foods. You pay 5d. a bottle for orange juice by sticking postage stamps on the coupons; but it is free in some circumstances. Cod Liver Oil is always free.

MILK, EGGS AND FRUIT. These you get at your usual retailers on the Green Ration Book — the milk at reduced price, or free in certain circumstances. Babies can have National Dried Milk instead of liquid milk, and your Food Office will tell you how to get this.

Your Food Office will help you

If there are any details you want to know, or if you are not clear about anything, do go and ask your Food Office to tell you. It is there to help you.

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Now only 3 points!

HERE'S GOOD NEWS ABOUT FOOD

Only 3 Points are now required for the big packet of WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT and it's

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D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

for dandruff

Soon his scurf will go—life and lustre will return to his hair. He knows that D.D.D. Prescription is so effective in clearing up dandruff, so clean and easy to use. Keep *your* scalp healthy . . . your hair fresh and bright. Get quick relief from dandruff with this famous, non-greasy liquid remedy. Your chemist sells D.D.D. Prescription at 1/7d. per bottle.

A NEW BRACELET!

-and all I did was put VITE-GRAVY in the MINCED MEAT

TESTED by 1000 WOMEN

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FEBRUARY 7, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2171

Stop This War Talk

SINCE ERNEST BEVIN'S historic speech announcing that from now on Western Europe goes ahead without waiting for Russian co-operation, there has been far too much careless talk about "the next war."

A lot of people assume that, because Bevin spoke bluntly to the Soviets and exposed their ambitions in forthright terms, he thereby made an eventual war inevitable.

Far from it. The Russians—and it has been proved over and over again—like and respect a man who stands up to them better than a word-mincing, poker-faced diplomat of the old school.

No—the people who help to make war inevitable are those who continually *talk* war. We all know them.

They go about discussing with ghoulish glee whether "it" will start in 1950 or maybe not until 1960 "because the Russians aren't ready yet."

In this country these irresponsibles take their tone from that bitterly anti-Soviet section of opinion in America which is behind the Communist "witch-hunt" and which indulges in the currently popular sport of "Red-baiting" over there.

They have eagerly seized on Walter Lippmann's phrase "the Cold War" because in their hearts they think that a cold war is the next best thing to a hot one with bullets and bombs.

Their criminal stupidity is not shared by the mass of sensible people in this country, who are indeed puzzled and discouraged by Russian methods, yet feel nothing but horror at the idea of going to war again with anybody.

The facts are that even a permanent division of Europe, however deplorable and uneconomic it may be, does not make war inevitable.

Neither East nor West wants war, and above all, neither side can *afford* war.

Nor can we afford war talk. So when you hear another big-mouthed ignoramus talking as if the sirens might sound any minute, crack down on him—hard!

Radio Rumpus

YET ANOTHER OF THOSE stubborn disputes which baffle and annoy the public is being fought out between the B.B.C. and the Musicians' Union.

As a result, broadcasts have been cancelled and listeners disappointed. Did it have to happen?

The musicians want their fees for relay broadcasts from theatres to be doubled. The B.B.C. says "No." It is not prepared to pay a band which has already got an engagement as though the band was performing specially in a studio at Broadcasting House.

The musicians don't see why the B.B.C. shouldn't pay up. They argue, too, that here is an evil arising directly from the B.B.C.'s monopoly of radio in this country. If there were competition, they say, rates would have risen long ago.

The B.B.C. can as justifiably retort that, since no extra work for musicians is involved, there is no reason why they should get what amounts to double pay. Further, the mere fact of going on the air confers valuable publicity, which ought to be taken into account.

This is obviously a dispute which will have to end in a compromise. Why not sooner than later? The public, which pays for broadcasting, has a right to demand that both sides use their common sense, make concessions, and come to a speedy understanding.

Bad Holiday Habit

HOLIDAYS ABROAD ARE PERMITTED again, but most of us will be going to the seaside or the country somewhere in Britain as usual this year.

That is why, at a time when transport and hotel and boarding-house accommodation are still inadequate, we need staggered holidays.

The old system of crowding nearly everybody's holidays into the six weeks of which August is the centre has got to be scrapped. If our holidays could only be spread over the whole summer, we should all be more comfortable and have more fun.

Why, then, do people cling obstinately to the August habit?

The Catering Wages Commission, which has been studying staggered holidays, blames it on the public. It says most people still insist on late July and August, and that in factory ballots to decide holiday dates the majority stands firm and overrules those who would like a change.

True; but this is not mere pigheaded conservatism. The main annual holiday of all parents is settled for them by the school terms.

The school terms, in turn, are settled by the dates of examinations. As long as school certificate can be taken only in July and December, therefore, staggered holidays on any large scale will remain impracticable.

It's up to George Tomlinson, the Minister of Education, to make the examination system flexible. Then we may be surprised how many parents will choose June holidays.

When Ireland Votes

EIRE HAS GONE TO THE POLLS this week. De Valera sought a new mandate to carry on his Government's quiet but increasing struggle against the effects of the British economic crisis and against the partition of Ireland.

British visitors to Eire, exhilarated by big beafsteaks, have often reported on the Emerald Isle as an earthly paradise compared with austerity-stricken Britain.

The steaks are a fact—for those who can afford them. It is also true that clothes rationing, never more than a formality, has been abolished in the Free State.

But other shortages in Eire have for eight years past been permanently graver than anything in our experience. Fuel for domestic heating and cooking, for example, is sometimes unobtainable, sometimes just peat.

On top of these hardships, prices of most goods are now soaring, partly because of British visitors.

That is the background of the election campaign. Whatever the outcome, whether de Valera's Fianna Fail Party continues in power or one of its rivals gets a working majority, the British people will hope for an Irish Government which concentrates on bigger farm production.

Eire needs our coal and manufactures; we need the food which her fertile soil can produce. We can and must help each other far more than in the past.

Every time you use your Halex toothbrush a regiment of keen, pliant nylon tufts springs into action. With every stroke you make, the lively points go searching in and out of all the nooks and crannies — cleaning and polishing up your teeth.

HALEX *for a nice clean mouth*

D3

1888 1948 DUNLOP 60 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP

DUNLOP

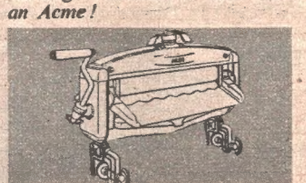
the world's master tyre

8H/312

Baby's nappies are just like snow-

Betty lends me her ACME

Betty got her Acme years ago, but it's still perfect for the whole wash—from blankets to handkerchiefs! I'm wanting one badly, but I know Acmes are up against all sorts of difficulties just now. They've got those six years to make up—and then it's so hard these days to get all the materials they need to make their wonderful wringers. And they told me at the stores Acmes are being terribly careful to see that *every* woman *everywhere* stands the same chance of getting one as they're made. Anyhow Acmes are so much the best I'd never dream of taking anything else. I'm going on waiting — because I *must have an Acme!*



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FLAKES

WILL BE AVAILABLE IN

CARTONS

Limited supplies at first—but soon we hope everybody will be able to buy their favourite Flakes in these bright attractive new CARTONS.

AGAIN!

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INO Flakes *wash everything*

LETTERS THAT LIVE

Tchaikovsky to Mme. von Meck

"I READ your letter with gratitude and love too strong for expression in any medium but music. May I be able some time to express it thus! Dear friend, may you keep well. . . . Reading how our symphony caused you sleepless nights, I felt my heart constricted. I want my music henceforth to be a source of joy and consolation, and with all my strength I desire for you a spirit well and calm."

This famous notepaper—always the first choice of discriminating people—is well worth seeking, but at the present time, to our regret, is limited in supply.

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3 TABLETS—3 TIMES A DAY
BREAKFAST
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Vitamins B1: 2.10 mgms per oz. — — Riboflavin (B2): 1.45 mgms per oz. — — Niacin: 9.50 mgms per oz.

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100 TABLETS 1/6 · 300 TABLETS 4/-

YESTAMIN Daily Yeast

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO LTD BURTON ON TRENT

Meals without Milk

CHOCOLATE BARLEY COOKIES

1 oz. margarine or cooking fat.
1 to 2 tablespoons boiling water.
1 oz. Banner's Barley Flakes.
Few drops vanilla essence.
Pinch of bicarbonate of soda.
2 oz. flour, 1 oz. sugar, ½ oz. cocoa.

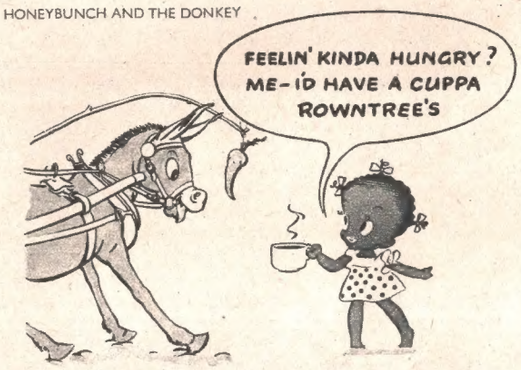
Mix together dry ingredients. Melt the fat, add one tablespoonful of boiling water, a few drops of vanilla essence; stir into the dry ingredients, add more boiling water if necessary to bind. Form into a roll, set aside to cool. Cut into rounds ¼ in. thick, and place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for about 15 minutes.

Banner's Barley FLAKES

8 oz. PACKET 7d.

SEND 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR BARLEYFLOUR RECIPE BOOK
BANNER'S BARLEY FOODS LTD., DUKE STREET, STALYBRIDGE, CHESHIRE.

HONEYBUNCH AND THE DONKEY



ROWNTREE'S COCOA

So grateful — so genial — so GOOD

LATE NIGHT FINAL

Limetail, White Heart Cherry, Whoopee, Damson Cream, Creamy Egg Flip, New Yorker. Wonderful names for wonderful Cocktails. The war reduced the quantity available, but it never reduced the *quality* of

Maldano WINE COCKTAILS

Supplies are available in limited quantities from good wine merchants.

Try 'PRIORY' it's very good TEA

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Ready smile - sparkling eyes!

How fit she must feel! Like thousands more she keeps her system in perfect order with Beecham's Pills, the gentle, reliable laxative. Take Beecham's Pills yourself—they'll keep you fit and cheerful. 1/6 and 3/8, including Purchase Tax. Twists—3 for 3½d.

YOUR GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH

Beecham's Pills

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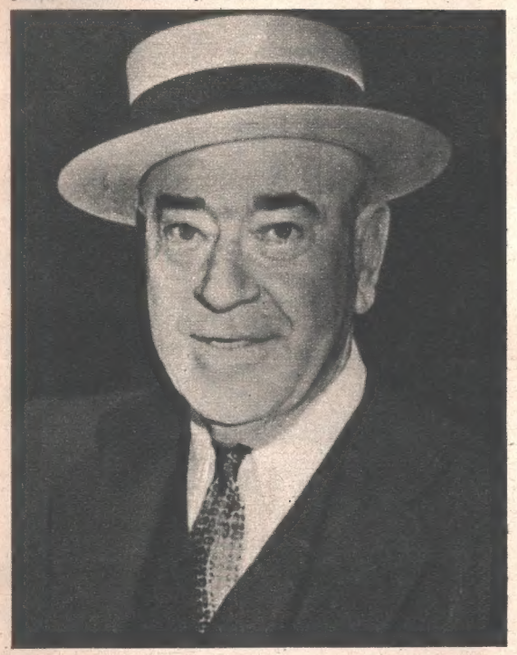
Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

I'm telling you!

Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste— Large tube, 1/6 (inc. tax)



Tom Prendergast, Kansas City's former boss, had a way with votes—and voters

Ed Crump, ruler-absolute of Tennessee. He handed out frankfurters and fireworks

Frank Hague, of New Jersey, whose waning power reflects scepticism about boss rule

MEN BEHIND AMERICA'S VOTES

By EDMUND ANTROBUS

With the United States now so closely linked to Europe, how America votes this year will affect you more than ever before. Though graft is on the wane, the bosses of the political machines still have a tight hold at election time. It is important that we should know about these men and their high-pressure methods

LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

AMERICANS ARE GETTING DOWN to real discussion about next November's Presidential election. Traditionally, when Americans go to the polls the world outside their country hardly exists. Even Marshall Aid is likely to take a back place compared with some essentially domestic issues.

But in whatever degree external issues influence the American vote, the result of the vote—precisely because the Marshall Plan and U.S. foreign policy have drawn the country nearer Europe—will affect you closely.

If a Rampant Dollar nominee is elected President, everyone in Britain is likely to eat far worse in the following years—and sleep far less soundly.

The form in which Americans are discussing the election wouldn't mean very much to the average British listener. The talk is of Hague, Crump, Kelly, O'Connell. And the talk is of them because they are the bosses of "city machines" which in the past decade have elected whom they please, when they please and how they please with the affluent ease of Eastern caliphs.

Who are these "bosses" and how do they rule?

A boss is a master of political devices in big cities — sometimes ruthless, sometimes smooth and genteel like Senator Byrd in Virginia, sometimes honest, sometimes corrupt—who rules by giving out jobs and patronage in return for votes.

Once in office, or once established behind the scenes of public office, a boss can last almost indefinitely by doling out city and state patronage to the faithful, by loading up the city payroll with his political workers, who, with their families, maintain a solid phalanx to keep the political machine and the boss in power.

The machines can't pull in the votes like they used to. Under the leadership of Roosevelt the American people came of age politically. Politically conscious voters are passing up the machines which for so long have stood for boss rule and corruption . . . but bosses and machines have deep roots and the system will influence the American body politic for a long time.

What happened when Tammany Hall, a classic example of an American political machine, went into operation for the Democratic Party in the middle of the last century? Tammany elected itself hospitality committee to newly arrived immigrants. It supplied them with jobs, bailed them out of court, taught them English, kissed their babies, made them citizens and then on election day took their votes in exchange.

From the various European racial groups it picked the most aggressive leaders and judiciously supplied them with fat jobs on the public payroll. It was hard to pick any bones with the system. It served as a bridge between immigration and citizenship.

But the snag was this: when the citizens didn't come through with their vote the machines took it anyway. The organization did the counting and sometimes just the weighing of the vote.

Even Sold Judgeships

Soon everything depended on Tammany — whether a man could build the Empire State Building or a dog kennel. It sold judgeships, as well as bus franchises; one department could suspend a sentence for a serious crime while another devoted itself to winking at building and sanitation codes—all at a price. A fake Robin Hood attitude justified the system. By jacking up the local taxes in an arbitrary fashion they robbed the rich to give to the poor, with a rake-off for running expenses and good times for the boys.

William M. Tweed, Tammany's first real commander, was phenomenally dishonest. By dipping cupped hands into the city funds he built silver fitted stables and died in prison. Richard Croker, a slum boy who rose to run Tammany like a military machine, hobnobbed with royalty and built his own race track. Charles F. Murphy, who was able to make the system look a little more respectable on the outside, left a two-million-dollar estate.

In 1932, after about eighty-four years of graft and corruption, the jig was up. New Yorkers revolted against the system and Jimmy Walker resigned rather than be forced out of office by Roosevelt.

It is generally conceded that this is the twilight of boss rule in America, but in Tennessee Boss Ed Crump provides an exception to the rule. Crump is probably the last city boss to rule unchallenged in the United States. His power is absolute and,

apparently, as secure as ever. A story is told of two Negroes who heard that the Pope had died. "Who was he?" one of them asked.

"Oh, a very big fellow, very important, in a county east of here."

"He died, you say? Who do you reckon Mr. Crump is going to put in his place?"

Crump is seventy-two years old, has cotton-wool hair, apple-red cheeks and looks like a tall, thin and rather neurotic Father Christmas. Since 1909 he has run for office twenty-three times and never been defeated. He has launched his political machine in seventy-nine elections, all successful. Every year he can depend on a solid block of 100,000 votes secured by patronage, showmanship, the poll-tax and his ability to provide an efficient and clean municipality.

One odd point about Crump is that he has never made a public speech in his life. He has a special kind of showmanship. At a picnic he gave away 30,000 frankfurters and 1,600 gallons of lemonade. Stamping happily through the grounds he handed out fireworks while overhead flew banners saying, *Thank You, Mr. Crump.*

G.I.s Staged Revolt

Crump has had his troubles. In 1943 there was a revolt of his constituents in Athens, a town in eastern Tennessee, where a sheriff named Birch Biggs customarily delivered ninety-eight per cent of the local vote to the Crump machine.*

During the war, when 3,500 young men from the area were away serving in the army, Biggs and his crowd stole elections by organizing absentee ballots, by mustering votes in the names of people who were dead or never even existed, by keeping opposition judges away from the polls with guns and blackjacks, by allowing boys and girls under twenty-one to vote, and by destroying election records. Biggs and his friends prospered by hundreds of thousands of dollars in graft.

Back from the war, a group of outraged G.I.s notified the authorities that Biggs would once again steal the election. No one was interested. So, giving ample warning, they staged an armed raid on the polling place. Leaders of the political machine, which had imported thugs as protection, fled to the local jail and locked themselves in to "count" the vote.

The ex-Servicemen stormed the jail using gunfire and dynamite. Twenty-three people were hurt. After six hours the deputy and the sheriff surrendered and the ex-G.I.s took over. A young schoolteacher who had led the raid became sheriff and set up a reform administration.

During the siege the political machine had put pressure on the State to call out the militia. Crump, however, wisely rescinded the order, dismissing it as a local matter. Nevertheless it must have been a worrying day for him. Most people in this country dislike the use of political violence but in the Biggs case thought it justified.

Supreme Boss No Longer

The other city bosses are not up to Crump's mark. Frank ("I am the law") Hague is no longer quite the law in the State of New Jersey. Hague, who was one of the most powerful bosses to operate in modern times, recently turned his job as mayor over to his nephew with the air in which a millionaire leaves a trust fund for his eldest son.

But a boss sometimes operates more successfully behind the scenes of office than from Hague's well-exposed position of mayor, a job he held for eight successive terms.

The Kelly-Nash machine in Chicago and Dan O'Connell's machine in Albany, N.Y., still get away with plenty but they look pale and devitalized by comparison with the fabulous Tom Prendergast who ruled Kansas City until 1939.

When patronage or intimidation didn't produce the vote Prendergast resorted to the "ghost vote" (names off tombstones) and "padded registration" (names of voters, imaginary or no longer resident). A newspaper once exposed "padded registration" by printing picture after picture of deserted, empty houses, each one yielding a hundred "votes." The grand total came to 45,000 names of people who had long since moved away.

The Federal income tax people went after Prendergast on the same grounds as they went after gangsters: income tax evasion. The story is that he received a 430,000-dollar bribe from a fire insurance company. He was sentenced to fifteen months in 1939 and died shortly afterwards.

Prendergast is worth mentioning as his career showed how many cities in America grew so fabulously corrupt. Two indigenous forces produced this. One was the shrewd political manipulator, amoralized by the legend of relentless individualism. The other was the attitude of the great mass of urban voters, largely foreign, who were too busy trying to earn a living, or too lazy to care who ran the place. Their immense voting power, bought by favours and patronage, could swing most elections.

Roughly four factors have broken the power of the political machines:

(1) The tide of immigration was dammed in the twenties and the machines no longer had an ever-ready supply of material for citizenship and votes.

(2) The New Deal created a good civil service. Its beneficent aid to the underprivileged and its public works competed with what the bosses could hand out in patronage.

(3) Invention of the voting machine and Federal supervision of any election where a Federal job is involved are factors helping to eliminate fraud.

(4) Voters are flocking to less potent but more stimulating groups than the old political machines. Progressive in tone, new political groups such as "Americans for Democratic Action," "Progressive Citizens of America," and "The Southern Conference for Human Welfare," stress political action as a function of citizenship rather than a means of plunder.

Power is Still Theirs

Political machines will last here however; they are inevitable under America's two-party system (not much heed has been taken so far of Henry Wallace's plans for a Left wing third party), in which nominations for public office are made by the party members themselves. A boss or a dominant figure is bound to emerge to run the show.

In primary elections "the boys in the back room" and nobody else will pick the candidates for national convention this year. They will be picked at conventions where the public can't vote, or at primary elections where the public as a general rule is too lazy to vote.

But at the crucial moment the public drops the machine like a bad penny. Witness what happened at a big fight in Missouri, where the machine wanted Democrat Roger Slaughter beaten for Congress. The machine went to work for Axtell, another candidate within the Democratic Party, and he won the nomination. But in the general election he lost. The machine could nominate him for Congress by high-pressure and fraud, but it couldn't elect him to Congress.

And that is the national trend. The machines can no longer call the tune all the way from the wards in big city slums right through to Congress and the White House. The reason is that masses of voters are drifting away from party ties and ceasing to be Republican or Democrat, sink or swim.

And there is an obvious reason for that. The old party traditions don't stand for anything dynamic in modern society. Ideologically there is no difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties. They offer no choice between, say, capitalism or a democratic attempt at socialism, as Conservative and Labour do in Britain.

In the previous Presidential election, registered Republicans voted for Roosevelt, a Democrat, while registered Democrats voted for Willkie, a Republican. They ignored their rather dreary party allegiance for the magnetism of a great man who offered an enlightened and existing social plan and leadership towards it.

That is why you British—and other Europeans—may sensibly keep your fingers crossed as you contemplate the possible outcome of the machines' work in this year's voting.

DR. ARTHUR KELLY, of Warren Point, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, is pleased. Mrs. Kelly is probably thoughtful. She has just had her fifth set of twins—a boy and a girl who are doing well.

The Kellys are well above the average in the birthrate stakes but they are not alone. All over Britain are more and better babies everywhere.

Better babies for a score of obvious reasons. In recent years the arrangements for antenatal care have improved steadily. Knowledge of the extra nutritional requirements of pregnancy has been applied since rationing began. Special foods and extra rations for mothers and babies and the greater public awareness of the importance of a correct diet have already had their effect and have paid handsome dividends.

For many years before the war there were forty stillbirths in every 1,000 births—forty might-have-been babies. In the September quarter of 1947, the last period for which figures are available, a new low record was set with a rate of 22.7 stillbirths per 1,000, the lowest figure yet recorded in this country.

Fifty years ago 155 of every 1,000 children born died in the first twelve months of life—155 might-have-been children. In the same September quarter

BOOM IN BABIES

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Nearly a million more babies than a year ago; the highest birthrate since 1921. Oddly enough, one reason is Austerity

Line-up of vital little statistics. Clinics keep infant mortality down to an all-time low

of 1947 the infantile mortality rate, too, was the lowest ever recorded with only thirty-two infant deaths per 1,000. Little more than a fifth of the rate fifty years ago.

Better and healthier babies are surviving in a much higher proportion the hazards of entry into the world and the dangers of the first years of life. But the current boom in babies is not to be explained only in terms of better survival rates.

There really are more babies in this country than there have been for almost forty years. In the first ten years of this century there was an average of 930,000 births each year and the birthrate was twenty-seven per 1,000. From then on the decline in baby production was fairly steady. In the second ten years, 1910-20, the average was just over 800,000 a year. Then 700,000 for the next ten years, followed by a steady further decline to the lowest figure ever in 1941. In that second full year of the recent war England and Wales registered the births of 587,228 babies. Including Scotland and Northern Ireland the figure was 703,858. The birthrate was 13.9 per 1,000—a half of what it had been forty years before.

Then the decline stopped and the upward trend began. In 1943 there were 683,000 babies adding their quota of turmoil to the blitz noises (808,877 for the British Isles as a whole). The first full year of peace, 1946, contributed 819,894 babies to the nation's waning man and woman power. The 1947 figures are not yet complete for the whole U.K., but for England and Wales the great jump to 886,633 (highest since 1921) makes it likely that the combined figure will be not far short of a million—possibly exceeding the 1900-10 records.

It's an Old, Old Story

This high figure is not unexpected and is in close conformity with a long historical tradition. In the first phase of any war the birthrate falls. This change is not peculiar to modern wars. The midwives of London complained to Parliament about it in 1646. The battles of Newbury, Marston Moor, and Naseby had just been fought. The midwives wrote sadly that "little gettings have we in this age—barren of all natural joyes and only fruitful in bloudy calamities." They urged wives generally not to spare their husbands "to be devoured by the sword." The civil wars they blamed bitterly because many thousands of "worthy members" had been killed "before they had performed anything to the benefit of midwives."

The same sort of thing happened in the early years of the first World War, and in the period 1939-41. Then, towards the end of any war and for the next two or three years, as if to compensate for the slaughter, there is a sharp increase in the birthrate.

What is curious about the present rising trend of the birthrate is that it began as early as 1943 and shows no signs yet of falling off. Most statisticians and population experts regard the present situation as a postwar flash in the pan. They expect the birthrate to drop down again and continue the decline which has been brought about slowly and surely over the last sixty years.

Even so they admit that the present figures are phenomenally high and certainly much higher than were anticipated. For two successive years now our net reproduction rate has been over the index figure of one. At one a population is stationary. Above one it is increasing because more potential mothers are being born. Below one the population is diminishing because there are not enough girl babies being born to replace the women who are passing out of the reproductive phase of life.

For many years our net reproduction rate in this country was well below one. In 1937, for example, it was 0.785 and in 1941 it was 0.761, which meant a diminishing population. On June 30 of 1947 we had a population of 43,270,000 and it had been estimated that in sixty years from now the population would be no more than 25,000,000. This estimate of a diminishing population was based on a continuing low reproduction rate. But in 1946 the net reproduction rate was 1.102, appreciably better than one for the first time in many years. The 1947 figure is not known yet but will almost certainly be better than the 1946 figure.

Bank Holiday Helps

It will be five or more years before anyone can say whether the present baby boom is just a postwar spurt or whether it marks a decisive change in our population trends.

As a nation we do need more babies, but I never heard of anyone increasing his family from a sense of public duty. Accidents account for a lot of babies and so does the August Bank Holiday weekend, the effects of which are always reflected faithfully in the Registration of Births department in the early spring. In the last three years, however, our greatly increased number of births has been very evenly spread over the twelve months.

I detect here a confirmation of a view I heard put forward by a friend of mine. He and his young wife were not going to have any family for some years, so they said. Now they have a sturdy three-year-old called the "Brat," a girl of twelve months, and another baby just getting under way. They explained their change of policy and it struck me that many more people have probably been thinking along the same lines.

The last two or three years have been difficult and the next two or three will probably be much the same. Entertaining is barely possible because there is not enough food and drink to go round. Domestic help is scarce, even for those who can afford it. Touring the countryside in a small car is a pipedream and Continental holidays are restricted. Before the war there were so many things for a young married couple to enjoy that having babies was often regarded as a deprivation. Today it is all very different.

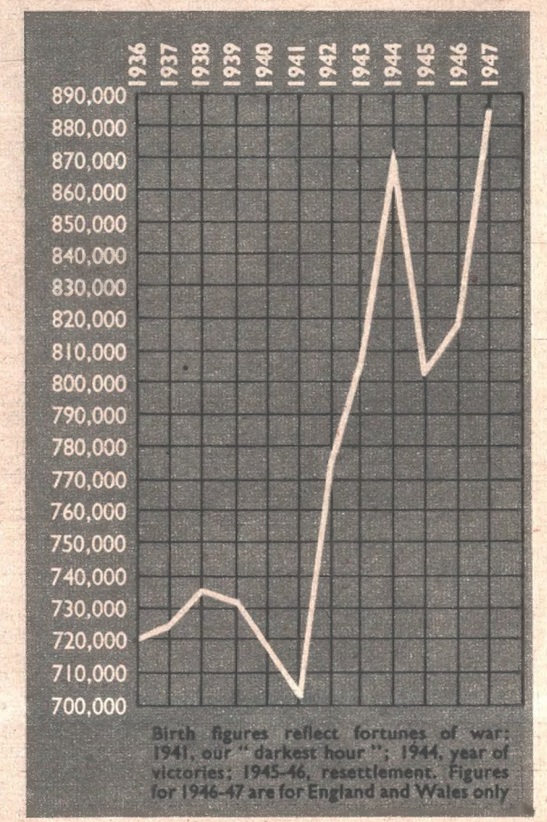
All the inevitable shortages and restrictions mean that today a young couple will spend most of their evenings at home anyway. So having a baby, which means staying at home with it for the first twelve months or so, is nothing like the hardship it used to be. In fact, if it's a nice baby, and it probably will be, it's fun.

World May Be Grateful

As my young friend put it, "All these things like cheap motoring, prewar entertaining, and holidays abroad will be possible again in a few years time. We're looking forward to enjoying them then and meanwhile we are getting the babies we want so they'll be old enough to be left with grandma or to come with us."

I thought there was a great deal of sense in what he said. But whether the restoration of something like prewar living will bring us back again to something like our prewar declining birthrate remains to be seen.

Meanwhile there are not far short of a million babies more than there were a year ago. Britain needs all of them badly. Some of them will be welcomed by the Empire in the years to come. And the world at large may be profoundly grateful for them one day.



Birth figures reflect fortunes of war: 1941, our "darkest hour"; 1944, year of victories; 1945-46, resettlement. Figures for 1946-47 are for England and Wales only

THE PEDDLER

by CHRISTOPHER YOUD

"It is a cross carved from a cross," he said. But how was it that he spoke as though from personal recollection?

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

IN THE AFTERNOONS I lie in my courtyard, just out of the reach of the sun, and watch the mystic eternal verdure of the water in the fountain. Its base is in the shade as I am, but the plume of water climbs up into the hot, passionate sunlight and hangs there an infinitesimal moment before dropping back, tattered and frayed into rainbow drops.

Since I left Rome and came to this land of scorching sun my pleasure merely in lying and watching this unchanging delight has steadily grown. Indeed the years I spent in Rome are remote now.

When the rains come I am sometimes nostalgic for the noise of the market or the Forum, the cultured concourse of the baths. But during the hot days, as I lie watching my fountain, Rome seems the mere shadow of a shadow.

There was a letter from Sulpicius a week ago. The slave he sent with it was a most curious fellow, captured somewhere in chill Britain and now half dead with the heat.

Sulpicius tells me all the latest gossip of the city. How Quintus's wife has been executed for divers abominable practices, fully confessed; how Brutus Caligensus rises high in the Senate; how the people grow more and more weary of the Games, finding no novelty in them. Indeed, how in every way the Empire crumbles at its heart.

He commiserates with me on my exile, declaring it unjust that I should still be kept from Rome when Julius has been dead these two years, and his wife married to some Sicilian landlord.

How amazed, how shocked he would be if he knew that for more than five years I have made no petition to return!

I am happy here, with my villa by the sea, my small estate and a bare score of slaves. I feel a peace and relaxation that I never knew in Rome, and if my mind grows rusty, encountering only slaves and barbarous provincials, my spirit grows strong and serene in the adoration of the Christ. I have had a chapel built in the garden and attend there for prayers and worship, my slaves attending with me, for I have had them all baptized.

I remember how I taunted Lucius Aurelius when I learned of his worshipping with slaves, and it is one of the many things of my life in Rome that I regret. Though, indeed, Lucius was wont to embrace his slaves and call them "Brothers," which was folly and damaging to the dignity and honour of a Roman. Once a year I bathe the feet of one of my slaves, as the Christ did, but they do not presume on it.

So I am content, with a few books and wine, and my fountain. Peddlers attend to small occasional needs, and I find it interesting to talk to them, for they have travelled over many lands and are never loth to tell of their experiences.

ONE such came yesterday. He came from the north, from (he claimed) Samarkand, and he had travelled even beyond, to the foothills of the sky-towering mountains that bar the path to the mysterious wastes of Asia. Although one learns to mistrust the glib tongues of these men, this one's appearance carried conviction. He was a sturdily-built ruffian, unbowed under the weight of years. His face was tanned and leathery from much travelling in all weathers. From his eyes and mouth ran the fine wrinkles that happiness engraves.

He brought with him carpets for the most part, ingeniously made and most marvellously coloured. Strange that such beauty should originate in the villages of the barbarians! He displayed his carpets well, praising them cunningly. I bought many. All the while his eyes darted about, watching, appraising. After they had lingered a while on the signs of the Fish, which are greatly displayed in my villa, he brought a small bag from within his clothes, and shook from it what was concealed inside.

It was a small rough cross, bearing no mark of the craftsman, and of a common, coarse wood. He peered up at me, humorously.

"Perhaps this interests my lord?"

"What is it, then?"

"A simple thing, my lord. A cross carved from a cross. From a cross that was raised on a hill close by Jerusalem many years ago. A man—or a god—perished on it."

"I will have that!" I cried. "What is your price, peddler?"

He looked up, smiling, the fine, laughing wrinkles spreading wide.

"It is beyond price, as well my lord knows. But you have bought my carpets and been generous in the buying. And I am old—you would hardly believe how old—and I think my journeyings are nearly over. You do me honour, my lord, by taking it."

"I shall treasure it," I said. "And are you then also a follower of Our Master?"

HE laughed. "I? I follow no man but myself. No doubt he was a worthy man—or a god—but worthy men and gods can both die with much pain. All these long years that he has been dead I have lived deeply in many lands. Even if what some say be true, and he sits on a throne in a heaven beyond the sky, yet I do not regret my peddling life.

"You see, my lord, the Nazarene was either everything or nothing. If he were but a man, then he died as wretchedly as a man can die. And if he were a god—the life of a god is not one that I envy. All my life I have fought with fate, and wrested happiness out of misery. Can a god do that, when all things are his for the reaching?"

"Although a god, yet he died to redeem our sins," I said.

The peddler smiled. "Aye. I am grateful for that death."

"Grateful! Esteeming it so lightly, why have you carried His Cross throughout these long years?"

"By reason of that gratitude, my lord. None could be more grateful than I." He stooped, rolling up the carpets I had not purchased. "And now, the last stretch of my last journey. I know a little wine-shop in a village outside Jerusalem. It stands on a rise, and from the door you may see that hill on which the Nazarene died. A good place for the peaceful ebb of a long life." He chuckled.

The heavy carpets bowed the figure that had stood upright against time. He turned to go.

"A moment, peddler, before you leave," I called. "How are you named?"

He paused, looking back at me and the cross I held in my hand.

"My name is Barabbas," he said.

And he went out into the sunshine while I watched my dancing fountain.

Most of us are curious about people who do out-of-the-ordinary jobs or live out-of-the-ordinary lives. Not all are famous or rich. We may even pretend not to notice some of them—like the pavement artist who is the subject of this first article in a series on Other People's Lives

ALL HIS OWN WORK

by HUBERT COLE

Albert holds out his hat. Look after the pennies—and sometimes you can make ends meet

ART IS NOT ALWAYS DURABLE. The actor creates his three-hour masterpiece and it is dead before the taxis drive away. The Winged Victory soars agelessly at the top of the broad staircase of the Louvre, but Patti and De Reszke are voices no longer.

It is all a matter of media. For the most part, time deals kindly with the pictorial creators. Inside the National Gallery, their works glow gently and permanently on the walls, only occasionally bursting into unfamiliar colour under the renovator's hand. Yet outside, on the paving slabs by the steps, the pictures have but a brief expectancy of life. A little more than twelve hours in the summer; a little more than six in the winter.

It is here, just clear of the bus-stop and facing the placid, permanent lions of Trafalgar Square, that Albert Young has his pitch.

Here the trees come to life on the stones, a shading of black chalk first, to give body, then the green, and lastly the yellow chrome to give the glint of sunlight on a winter's day. Then, with two curved strokes, the white chalk brings the birds to swoop around the branches, waiting for the blue and white foam of the waterfall, the grey church in the background, the frilly oval border to round the whole thing off. Sometimes the birds will hover on the stones, the trees grow greenly, the water urgently run until late in the day. Sometimes they will live only an hour before Albert, anxious to impress his talents upon the onlookers, rubs them ruthlessly out and begins again with a new design.

Just Two Minutes More

Five minutes it takes Albert to draw a complete picture, though perhaps there'll be a minute or two longer if the chalks are rounded and he has to work them up to a fine edge for the details. Six or seven he completes when he starts work at half-past eight or nine in the morning. Four or five times during the day, from boredom, or for business reasons, or to work the cold out of his hands, he rubs out a couple and draws different ones.

His inspiration comes from pictures in books or post cards or Christmas cards and sometimes from some seascape that has stuck in his mind from his Merchant Navy days. And, if you doubt his skill (for there are some who act a silent lie when they sit beside a pavement gallery inscribed "All My Own Work"), he will execute any subject you care to describe. There was one passer-by who challenged him to produce a picture of simply sea and sky and nothing else—not so much as a tiny boat or a floating gull to break up the composition.

But Albert had a go and made a job of it, using "a bit of orange chrome and yellow chrome and prussian blue, to show the sun trippling along the water."

"Trippling" is the sort of word that Albert uses quite unconsciously, the right poetic word, the word you could never find in the dictionary. Which is not surprising, since Albert would not recognize a dictionary if you showed him one. He can neither read nor write.

He was one of the bad boys who never went to school in his native Glasgow, but at seven or eight (which is forty years ago) he was painting in water colours and oils. His parents were general dealers and he went into the trade with them until hard times came. Then, "when the money went away from the family," Albert found himself at twenty-seven without a job and without many qualifications for one. So he shipped as a fireman, and there he stayed, slicing in the fires, for over ten years, steaming backwards and forwards across the Pacific, and sometimes the Atlantic as well.

Then he came home and settled down to land life and got married. But the war brought doodle-bugs and rockets and one of them landed too near to Albert. It left him with splinters in his body and a nervous affliction in his mind. He couldn't stay in enclosed places any more. He couldn't take a regular job indoors. And he couldn't read and couldn't write.

So he turned to the one thing that he could do, which was transferring pictures from his mind on to canvas or paper or stone. The best stones, he discovered, are in Kingsway, where the surface is worn smooth by the feet that pass and so infrequently halt to stare and put a penny in the hat. The worst (if the Borough of Islington will forgive the criticism) are outside King's Cross Station, where they have little lumps that catch and bewilder the chalk.

His Battle Against Rain

Albert works four pitches in the winter: Trafalgar Square, Kingsway, King's Cross and Charing Cross. In the summer there is another, outside the Tower of London. And on very wet days, when there is no bread in the cupboard, he goes to an archway under a railway bridge and there tries to battle with his chalks against the insistent rain.

He is careful to remember which designs he uses on which pitch, for he likes to change them the next time he is there, to give the people a little

variety. And, when dusk or rain or fog close down his gallery for him, he is very careful about rubbing them out.

The police insist that all pavement drawings shall be rubbed out, possibly so that no imposters shall gain money from Albert's efforts. But they must be rubbed out quite dry, not just smeared over with a wet palm, for otherwise the surface of the pavement remains slippery and "some of these young ladies might slip with their high heels and dirty their dresses."

You will notice that it is the dresses, not the bodies, which exercise Albert's concern. Dresses cost money, and bodies come to us free, though some are luckier than others in the matter of shrapnel splinters and disordered nerves.

His Good and Bad Days

Albert is as vitally concerned with money as any of your great captains of industry who sweep past his pitch in their large cars and have no opportunity (even if they have the inclination) to drop a penny in his hat.

Albert, indeed, knows the real value of money. Some days he will sit for three hours without getting so much as a penny. On a good day he collects about eleven shillings. On a bad day it will drop to four shillings or even none at all. When he gets home, he counts his money (for he can count, though he cannot read or write) and sets aside a little for the rent, and a little for the light, and a little for food, and the rest (if there is any rest) to buy something for the home where he lives with his wife and ten-year-old son.

There must be something set aside for the materials of his art, too. Chalks are dear to buy, so he gets the colours in powder form and blends them at home. A half pound of drop black at 1s. a pound, and a quarter of prussian blue, which is very expensive at 5s. a pound, and sundry halves and quarters of the others at 6d. and 9d.; yellow chrome, orange chrome, emerald green and venetian red. When times are bad, Albert has to confine himself to red and blue and yellow and mix them as best he can.

He blends his powders with size (or milk, if he can get it, which gives a smoother finish), then puts the mixture in a matchbox and the matchbox in the oven. When the sides of the box fall away with the heat, a squared slab of chalk remains. Most weeks, Albert spends from four to five of his rare shillings on the powders for his chalks.

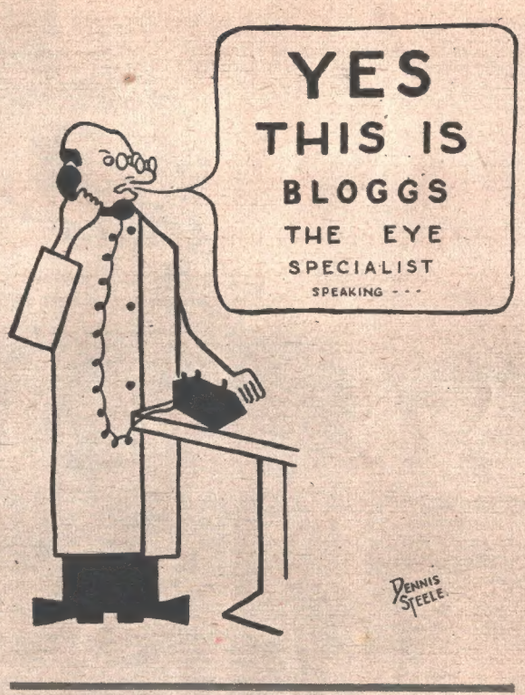
The most difficult thing about the job is beginning it in the morning, particularly if it is cold or wet. Then, says Albert, with all the people looking on, and the gulls and swans and grey churches and trees and white five-barred gates playing tag in your nervous mind, "you've got to have guts to get down and start drawing." After that come the tedious hours of waiting. You mustn't cause an obstruction on the pavement, and you mustn't swear. If the pennies don't come in, you've got to wait for them.

Not Even a Glance

A lot of the people go hurrying on their way, never even sparing a glance for your drawings, which is saddening when you are proud of them. But they'll be coming back some day, moving more slowly, free for a moment from the big affairs of the world, and will look in their purses and decide they can spare something, even though it is only a penny. And you've got to appreciate that penny, as if it were something really big. Albert repeats all this like a lesson got by heart.

Of course, the big things come along, too. Sometimes Albert is given a packet of cigarettes, which he smokes carefully and sparingly, saving the butts to be rolled up in cigarette papers and smoked again. And there was the time when *Duel in the Sun* came to London and a very nice young lady gave Albert three pounds a week for several weeks to draw pictures of the stars and show them to the people who passed by.

That unexpected windfall meant something for the wife and the boy, and a pair of shoes and a



jacket for Albert. But best of all, perhaps, there was the parcel from New Zealand.

Last winter, when the snow was very bad and the wind was blowing hard, Albert had so little in the cupboard that he just had to go out and clear a pitch and draw his pictures ("you can always hold the chalks so long as you can do that," he says, straightening his fingers) and sat shivering but hopeful. It was then that somebody from New Zealand noticed him. Later they came and photographed him, and wrote about him, and put him in a newsreel; and the people in New Zealand sent him a parcel with corned beef and cream cheese and all sorts of things.

Albert believes that other parcels have been sent and, though temporarily mislaid, may reach him some day. He thinks about them as he sits on the pavement, with his feet tucked under him for warmth and the cold working into his wrist and arm as he holds out his hat (which, of course, he could rest on the pavement, but that would look offhand, and people do not care for off-handedness from men with a daily income of eleven shillings or four shillings or even no shillings at all). He speculates on the contents of those parcels somewhere in the ramifications of the G.P.O. They make him a very mellow, comforting dream on the cold pavement.

And there is a bigger dream still: that, if he does his drawings nicely and is obedient to the policeman and never swears at the passers-by, one day they will make him a teacher of art in New Zealand, or perhaps use his paintings as models in one of their schools out there. For they have shown great interest in Albert, those people in New Zealand.

I fear this will always remain a dream. You see, I suspect it was not only because he played truant that Albert never got much schooling. I don't think he is the type who would ever gain much from book-learning. He can put the simple, pleasant things of nature on to the stones with his chalks, but the more intricate affairs of the world are not always so clear to see.

And, since he cannot read, I can, without hurting his feelings, say that his pictures seem to me quite bad.

And yet he is a happy man as men go. Only four or five weeks ago he managed to get a council flat. It has a bathroom, and a thing into which Albert puts a penny when he gets home at night and makes the water come out hot and really quick, so that he can bathe off the chalk stains. I forgot to tell him that the thing is called a geyser, and that they have enormous natural ones in New Zealand. That would have pleased him.

The Odd Shilling That's Over

There is a table and a bed and a little floor covering in one of the rooms, though the other three are empty still. Albert is saving up for blankets now. When he has had a good day, he sits at the table and sorts out his few shillings (for, as I have said, he *can* count) and sometimes finds one or two that he can set aside for the day when that one room will be quite furnished and he can set to work on the others.

"You see, I've known what a home is. I should like a home," says Albert, as if discussing something rather rare and out of people's reach. "It's thinking about it that gives me all the pleasure in my work."

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT LOVE

True love is like the appearance of ghosts; everyone talks of it, but few people have ever seen it.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

A man falls in love through his eyes, a woman through her imagination, and then they both speak of it as an affair of the heart.—*Helen Rowland.*

Love is like war: you begin when you like and leave off when you can.—*Anon.*

Woman begins by resisting man's advances and ends by blocking his retreat.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Love is the principal means of escape from the loneliness that affects most men and women throughout the greater part of their lives.—*Bertrand Russell.*

Half of love is laughter.—*V. S. Pritchett.*

It is the woman who chooses the man who will choose her.—*Paul Géraldy.*

To Mary H.: We are happy to tell you that it is now illegal for a husband to strike or beat his wife. — *Answers to correspondents, "English-woman's Domestic Magazine," 1861.*

Make love in thy youth, and in old age attend to thy salvation.—*Voltaire.*

It goes far towards reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one.—*Lady Montagu.*

Before marriage this question should be put: Will you continue to be satisfied with this woman's conversation till old age?—*Neitzsche.*

Of course, platonic friendship is possible—but only between husband and wife.—*Anon.*

No man and woman really know what love is until they have been married a quarter of a century.—*Mark Twain.*

Whenever a husband and wife begin to discuss their marriage they are giving evidence at an inquest.—*H. L. Mencken.*

Love is the true price of love.—*Schiller.*

JOHN BULL February 7 1948

FOGBOUND

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

Too many people merely "tick over" because their vision of a fuller life is obscured by the fog of materialism. Clearing that fog is an urgent task

Specially drawn for John Bull by Arthur Wragg

STEVE DRIVES A BUS. He'll drive you safely through almost anything, from blackouts to blizzards. But there is one thing he is afraid of—fog. It scares him.

"I've watched it many a time," he says. "It's on you before you know, kind of closing in, sliding down. You can't move a foot, don't know where you're going. Then you try to get a move on, and find yourself head-on to a pair of headlights."

In Britain today there are two distinct sorts of this creeping menace, fog. The first—though not the more important—is the kind Steve jumpily peers into through his winter windscreen. The second, an all-the-year-round visitation, is even worse, both because it is invisible and because it is a far greater threat to confident movement towards new horizons.

Its name is Materialism; with Selfishness, Indifference and Fear, it is part of the texture of today's moral shabbiness.

When people sing the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom," they are getting pretty near to a sound definition of materialism. Materialism is *our* encircling gloom. It is personified by those millions of men and women who have turned their backs on beliefs, ideals, religion—on each and every one of those kindly lights which, for the most part, lit up the path followed by their parents and grandparents.

Now two curious things about Steve, who is typical of these millions, are that he can't see this fog and yet is caught in it. He's been in it for years, almost ever since he took life's bus out from the depot. At an early request stop he picked up passengers—wife and family. Now he's forgotten even what's on his destination board. So he just goes on, driving and groping, groping and driving.

It's dangerous. It's exhausting. And it's very important, since there are so many in a similar fix, to know how he got into it, and whether he's ever going to make his terminus.

What's the Big Idea?

So let's take a closer look at Steve. His greying hair and solidity of figure indicate middle age. And that's correct; he has a grown-up son and daughters. He also has a modern house, a nice bit of garden, good health and a reasonable wage.

It follows that, if material things like food, shelter and security make up the whole of human happiness, Steve ought to be happy. The odd thing is that he isn't. He is restless.

Isn't there anything else to life, he wants to know, than just slogging on in order to earn in order to keep going in order to earn some more? What is the Big Idea behind it all? He can't see any personally satisfying objective to aim for because, like a lot of other people, he is befogged. One result is that Steve, half the man he could be, spends most of his life just ticking over, his real self developing only a fraction of the power of which he is capable.

The fog of materialism is already having serious effects on our national character. Mankind today is on the march, and a march needs music. Which is only another way of saying that, when the time comes for a decisive advance into the future, it is the people with ideals and a clear view of their objectives who are likely to fare best.

That time has now come. The march towards tomorrow is on, and considerable sections of the human race have in the last thirty years composed revolutionary music for it. Our pressing task is to find a better tune and a nobler theme—both once provided by a generally shared religious belief.

They Can't See the Target

Now the belief doesn't seem to be there. There are too many Steves about: good folk, but dangerously lacking in fire and purpose. These millions, enclosed in the fog of materialism, lack any clear sight of life's objectives. (And until this can be cleared away, at least two Powers of the Big Three look like being non-starters in the ideological advance towards tomorrow.)

The first necessity is to analyse this fog. London fog is said to be composed of millions of smoke and dust particles sent up from a multitude of chimneys and deposited in great concentration.

Materialism's fog is created in a not dissimilar way, and began about the same time as the great cities arose from whose chimneys a modern "pea-souper" has its birth. It is created by the manufacture and by-products of the idea that there is no God. This invention, made largely within the last century or so, has since been enthusiastically copied by all sorts of people.

Thinkers eager to sweep away what they regarded as superstitions; visionaries eager to see a future based on nothing other than scientific fact; thousands accepting the totally mistaken idea that religion had somehow been "disproved" merely because someone had invented radio or the internal combustion engine—all set up their private factories for the development of their point of view.

From their chimneys, the smoke and dust particles of materialism arose in great volume, and the smoke drifted across the hard face of modern civilization. For a while nothing happened. But in our day, which has seen much of materialism's world collapse into dust and rubble, the fog has b gun. And millions, talked out of one set of beliefs yet confronted by the collapse of the other, are today morally and religiously stranded.

The effect of this can be seen by comparing Steve's outlook with that of his father. The old man didn't have anything like such good pay, security or social services. Yet he was happier. For him life had a meaning and a purpose which he could understand and approve.

That doesn't mean that he was aggressively religious. But he did have a clear idea of right and wrong. He did believe that the universe was in good hands, and not just a cosmic nightmare. Above all, he got through life on the assumption that at the end of it he would, facing his Maker, have to render a profit and loss account of his moral trading.

These beliefs helped to make him a man and not just, in Bernard Shaw's words, "a feverish clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making him happy."

Steve envies his father's outlook. Why can't he have it? Because for a long time he has been exposed to the propaganda that it is out-of-date bunk. But is it? If the old man was wrong, who is right?

Hungry World of Hard Faces

Hitler's war gave Steve all he wants of extreme political salvationists. Nor is he satisfied with what the B.B.C. debaters call materialism, which he sees as the idea that the world of getting and spending, the hungry world of hard faces seen from the cab of his bus, is all that counts. Steve's urgent need is for a restatement, toned to modern conditions, of the beliefs which gave aim, character and principles to his father's generation.

Is he going to get out of his fog? It's about time. London's longest physical fog lasted from November, 1879, until the end of the following February. Britain's spiritual fog has already easily beaten this record. It was at maximum density all through the twenties and thirties. Whether anything can be done to lift it before it does our civilization irreparable damage is a pressing question. At first sight the outlook appears discouraging. But history shows that the wind of

Continued on page 14

HARRY HOPKINS REPORTS ON JOBS CONTROL

MILK-BAR TO MILL—AND NO

Harsh things have been said about the principle of directing labour. But in practice Jobs Control seems to be working out pretty happily. A lot depends on the official attitude—Labour Exchanges deal with human beings, not statistics

WHEN JOBS CONTROL BURST on a crisis-worn nation last October, some politicians called it "slavery." A Labour M.P. made it a matter of conscience, voting against his party on it. Critics detected in it the death knell of British liberties.

No one will deny that in principle it is a drastic departure for Britain in time of peace. But the thing that really matters is not how Jobs Control disturbs political philosophies, but how, after three months' trial, it is affecting ordinary people.

I made Bradford the scene of my investigation because this city of 300,000 is the centre of one of the undermanned export industries whose plight precipitated the much-denounced Order. Bradford's smoke-blackened canyons are honeycombed with mills and warehouses undertaking all the wool textile processes from combing to finishing.

Since VE-Day the headache of the mill managers has been to get back the thousands of skilled workers they lost to munition works. Now, though Bradford's mills are still 3,000 women and 1,000 men short, the manpower gap is being steadily narrowed. Nearly all labour bottlenecks have been smashed.

To this crucial process, the Control of Engagement Order has contributed, mainly, a quickening of tempo. But for the interviewers behind the Exchange counters it has meant no new departure: just twice as many customers and a bit more "guidance."

Today, one out of every two women and one out of every three men coming into the Bradford Labour Exchange are placed in wool and worsted.

"Well, it looks to us as if you're going to have to change, anyhow," a placing officer will point out to "surplus" workers from the roads or building, to the scores of ex-Servicemen set on being lorry-drivers when nobody wants lorry-drivers. Once in a while, when offered a job in a mill, somebody, a bricklayer's labourer maybe, will protest mildly that he's worked all his life out of doors. But, when the country's need is put to him, nine times out of ten he'll just ask, quietly, "Well, what have you got then?"

Two Jobs to Choose From

The practical value of the Order lies in this: it has brought home to people the seriousness of our situation while at the same time leaving plenty of room for their willing co-operation. Freedom, after all, is a feeling—and George Isaacs, the Minister of Labour, has been wise enough to put that feeling in little serious peril.

Let's get down to cases. Consider, for instance, Emily Fox, a small cheerful girl who lives at 17 Welbury Drive, Manningham. At eighteen the Control of Engagement Order swept her into the Labour Exchange's net. They offered her alternative "essential" jobs — stator-winder at English Electric or a "drawer" at Listers, the biggest textile mill in Bradford, with the advantage of being near her home.

She decided on English Electric. But the job of stator-winder, though clean, was trying on the eyes, demanding a steady attention which Emily found "monotonous." The staggered hours, too, were annoying. After three weeks of it, Emily turned in the stator-winding job and went back to the Labour Exchange to take on the second choice.

"I didn't think I'd ever get used to a mill," she said. But she'd been at Listers over four weeks—and she had got used to it. In fact she quite liked it.

Nineteen-year-old Kathleen McGowan was pushing cups of tea and chocolate cakes across a milk-bar counter when the control order hit the headlines. Kathleen is a girl who doesn't believe in waiting to be shoved. Listers' mill was handy from her home at 26 Woodview, Manningham, and she knew that this great textile concern, employing 2,000 people, was about as "essential" as it's possible to be. So she climbed the hill to Listers and asked them to fix her up. Then she went down to the Labour Exchange and got the "introduction card" you have to have.

Today Kathleen's getting 55s. a week as a trainee winder—which is a bit of a comedown from the milk-bar money, but a big improvement in terms of free nights and weekends. The week I saw her she'd gone on to piecework, so that the pay outlook was brightening, too.

How far are those happy transfers typical? I don't know—but I've an idea that in one way they're a sign of the times. Slowly, mill work is acquiring a new status. Grim as the mills are from the outside—Listers looks like the county gaol—inside, little by little, a transformation is

Labour Exchange gave Emily Fox choice of two essential jobs. She tried one, disliked it; so took on the second in a mill

Eileen Tomlinson was bookkeeper in Hull. Now she's in Bradford learning to weave. "Transplantation" is big Jobs Control snag

COMPLAINTS

being wrought. The problem of *Who will do the dirty work?* is being narrowed—because so much of the dirtiness was unnecessary.

There's another factor which in Bradford eases the path of the Exchange's job-switchers. You get a clue to it in the old saw: "Bradford folk are born with looms in their mouths." It's a much tougher job recruiting for the iron and steel works on the city's outskirts. Men go, but don't stay, though the pay, after training, is high. In Sheffield, on the other hand, where steel's the traditional industry, this difficulty doesn't arise.

It all goes to show that it's human beings they deal in at Labour Exchanges, not columns of statistics.

But Bradford's real Jobs Control problem arises not so much from any reluctance to enter essential industries as from the fact that this city has so few *inessential* industries to draw on. Is the answer to be found then in the neighbouring labour-surplus areas like Hull and South Yorkshire, in workers like Eileen Tomlinson?

The Newcomer from Hull

A few weeks ago Eileen, blonde and twenty-two, was a bookkeeper bending over the ledgers of Messrs. Binningtons, vinegar manufacturers, of Hull. Today she stands at a loom in the roaring mill of Whitaker and Knapton, of Bradford.

It happened this way: Eileen's vinegar firm moved to an inconvenient district, so she decided to leave. Having left, she discovered she must go to the Labour Exchange to get a new job.

"We're very sorry," they said, sympathetically, "but we have no more clerical jobs to offer in Hull. What about a nice job in textiles—you can have either Keighley, Shipley or Bradford."

This was a bit of a facer. Not only was she being invited to change from a white collar job to overalls, but she was to leave home as well. But Eileen met the challenge calmly. She said: "I'll try anything once." And she chose Bradford.

And so here she was in the mill, learning to weave fine dress materials which will earn this country dollars in Canada and the U.S.A. The boss's secretary has found her some quite cosy lodgings at 30s. a week. And every weekend she does the two and a half hour journey home, by bus and train, to Hull. That makes a considerable hole in the 55s. she makes as a trainee, but the boss tells her to watch the old hands and she'll soon be knocking back 90s. or more on piecework.

Though the joint efforts of Labour Exchange welfare workers and textile employers have opened Bradford's doors to incoming workers, transplantation is tricky. Some mills prefer to bring in workers thirty or forty miles every day by bus. But both buses and billets are mere expedients. There's only one solution: more houses, so that entire families can move where the work is.

Man Who Stayed; Man Who Left

Among the least pleasant of the textile jobs that Bradford has to offer is wool combing. But unless it gets done, every mill in Yorkshire will stop. The valuable export trade in "Bradford tops" will languish.

That's where men like Clifford Todd come in. Todd was a waiter, living at 57 Woodhall Street, Hull, working at Scarborough in the season. "But when direction came in I knew I shouldn't be able to get back there any more." So here he was on the night shift in the card-room at Isaac Holden's, biggest firm of woolcombers in Britain.

It was certainly a far cry from black tie and tails to shirt-sleeves and card-room fluff. And the money—£5 4s. 4d.—hardly made up for the tips. But he wasn't complaining.

With the pal who'd come in with him, though, it had been different. He'd packed up and gone home. Why? "Don't know—just didn't settle to it." Jack Nicol, manager, on Holden's night shift for fifty years, chips in: "I've never had such trouble as I've had this last year or two. Coming and going, coming and going. . . ."

And there I ran into the weak spot of Jobs Control. You can lead a man to a job, but you can't *make* him work at it.

And because of that fact some employers, like Jack Knapton, of Whitaker and Knapton, look with jaundiced eye on Jobs Control. They sigh, not for new recruits, but for their faithful old workers back again. Commented Bob Firth, Knapton's overseer: "We've had fifteen-year-old kids following a pair of looms—the third or fourth in the same family. Weaving fine cloth is skilled work, and you've got to have an interest in the job or it's no good, no good at all."

But though, inevitably, Jobs Control's drag-net catches some drifters and misfits who do more harm than good, in Bradford, at least, the proportion seems small.

Much of the credit for the smooth running of this unprecedented measure must be put down to the change in outlook that has overtaken Britain's 1,200 Labour Exchanges.

Listen to Mr. Jones, manager of the Bradford Exchange, expounding the modern doctrine: "Try your level best to make people feel at home as soon as they come in. Put yourself in their place. If you're not interested in human beings, you've no place in this service. . . ."

But though the spirit changes, the buildings, unfortunately, remain. That long counter that runs down the gloomy hall, for instance. It was built for dole queues. It makes the customers feel you are "above" them, said an official who now helps to guide 500 men a week into essential jobs. He dreams of one of those modern exchanges, with cosy little interviewing cubicles.

Whatever You May Call It—

From whichever side of the counter you look at it, however, this experiment in human transplantation, this migration from milk-bar to mill, from ledger to loom, seems to be going along pretty well. Slavery . . .? It's an odd sort of slavery in which the slaves weld their own fetters.

It's an odd thing altogether, this voluntary "direction," this directed "volunteering." A very British oddness. You might call it a triumph of British common sense, of our genius for compromise, of our respect for law and order, of our political instinct or just of our sheer, downright laziness.

But what you call it isn't what matters. What matters is that, somehow, most of the time, it works.

John Bull photographs by William Wright

Kathleen McGowan, milk-bar girl who became mill girl. Happy transfer—but is it typical?

HOW TO BEAT THE PETROL GANGS

Thousands of names in the petrol "black book"—but the drain on precious fuel will go on if control measures aren't more drastic

Above board or under counter? Illicit sales, stolen coupons—they've got away with it too long

THE CAR ZIGZAGGED down the darkened streets of a north country town and came to a stop. A few minutes later, a policeman was shaking the driver. He was drunk.

Half an hour later, the station sergeant was scratching his head at the contents of the drunk's pockets. Petrol coupons, lots of them, hundreds of gallons' worth. Yes, the drunk said, they were his all right. He had bought them at a garage.

Days later, Superintendent Roderick Stewart (now at the Ministry of Fuel) was piecing the story together.

The drunken motorist had paid half a crown each for the coupons. The garage proprietor had bought them off an unknown man. The man could not be traced, but the coupons were.

They were part of a large consignment missing from a northern regional office of the Ministry of Fuel. A subordinate official had been selling whole batches of coupons to private buyers. He might have been doing it still—but for the insobriety of the man in the car.

This is just one case of the black market in petrol. It could be duplicated a thousand times in the "black book" now in the hands of Chief Detective-Inspector "Bill" Chapman ("Cherub-face" to the Yard), who, as one of the three-man committee of inquiry appointed recently by Hugh Gaitskell, Minister of Fuel, is responsible for amassing evidence against petrol crooks. The Petrol Crime Index lists the names of all known and suspected petrol racketeers during the last six years.

Biggest Black Market

With eight and a half million people affected by the basic cut, petrol is today the centre of the biggest black market of all time.

Of 7,000 petrol offences reported to regional petroleum officials or the police last year, prosecutions ensued in less than 500 of the cases. Most of the offenders, mere "pawns," escaped with fines, because the police were not given wide enough powers to pursue their inquiries. And the terms of reference of Gaitskell's present committee leave much to be desired, since witnesses cannot be compelled to give evidence.

Where does the black market petrol come from? Think for a moment of all the petrol-using machines you've ever heard of, then make your own list. Ships in dock, farm tractors, long-distance lorries are the main sources of supply.

On long journeys, it is easy enough for a lorry driver to coast down hills and effect a useful saving in petrol issued. It is easy enough, too, to sell his "savings." The allowance for lorries (there is usually a comfortable "margin" allowed for detours) is already too liberal. Another trick is for licences to be taken out for more than one vehicle. Though petrol is drawn on all of them, only one is used, and a "black" reserve built up. In these ways petrol is stored for sale without coupons.

And the size of some coupon-stealing operations may be gauged from the fact that in one lengthy investigation over half a million coupons were collected and examined. Most of them were recovered from garages all over the country. And 420 statements had to be taken before one of the ringleaders was sent to prison.

Result of Single Haul

In another case, Ministry of Fuel experts estimated that nearly a million stolen coupons were in circulation in the West of England as the result of a single burglary.

Largest centre for traffic in stolen coupons outside London is Manchester, with Birmingham, Glasgow, Leeds, Cardiff, Liverpool and Newcastle-on-Tyne as close follow-ups.

The stolen coupons are put into the shade by the number of forgeries.

Since Chief Inspector Chapman took over "black" petrol inquiries, he has been trying to trace a printing press which is known to be turning out unidentifiable forgeries. Thousands of them have been passed recently in London and Home Counties garages.

The other day in a Soho "club" I was offered as many coupons as I wanted at two shillings a time. Whether they were stolen or forgeries I could not say.

The Measures to Take

Now all this is serious. For one thing, it will be hard to restore basic while this great drain on our petrol resources continues. What is to be done about it?

First, the police must be given wider powers. Chief Inspector Chapman should be able to post picked men to the London and provincial underworlds. They should be freed from other duties while engaged on the specialized job of bringing the petrol crooks to book.

Next, strict instructions should go out to garage keepers, explaining the gravity of the nation's petrol situation, and the consequences of engaging in any form of black marketeering.

But we must ensure that the consequences *are* serious. There must be more convictions, fewer acquittals.

Perhaps the most urgent job is a revision of the coupon system. Coupons should be printed on specially manufactured paper that is difficult to forge.

A closer check should be kept on Service petrol. At one R.A.F. depot, as a recent case revealed, drivers could go to the petrol tank and draw any quantity they wished. And hundreds of gallons regularly go astray at docksides when naval vessels put in.

It should be made compulsory for long-distance drivers to keep log-books which should be available for inspection at any time.

Our civilization runs on wheels.

No longer must the black market in petrol be allowed to hinder the essential wheels from turning.

WILLIAM J. GAGE

THE HUMAN MACHINE — by ROFFE THOMPSON

Life's Simpler Than You Think

I DON'T know how much of your school-days you remember, but I still have vivid recollections of being confronted with masses of mathematical symbols and being exhorted to "simplify"!

Sure enough, all these terrifying bogies turned out to be quite ordinary things—like ½, or 1¼ or 2⅜, when you had done the right things to them and put them firmly in their place.

Looking back on those days I wonder if we wouldn't be wise to treat life in much the same way.

I wonder whether we're not all much too complicated, and if we shouldn't get on a lot better if we tried simplification. We should learn to distinguish what is vital and necessary from what is meretricious and artificial. Instead of pining for what we haven't got, we should be rediscovering and revaluing what we have. We shall not get much real satisfaction out of living unless we do try to simplify things and put values in their proper place.

It is tragic that more and more people seem unable to enjoy life unless they are acquiring something, going somewhere at top speed, or employing others to provide their enjoyment for them.

That a human being can often be pleasurably self-sufficient is rapidly becoming a lost belief.

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spiritual revival—and only wind can clear a fog—rises when ordinary people stop being satisfied with the sort of outlook that is bounded today by their job on the one hand and the pools and the dogs on the other.

That is why Steve's restlessness is a good sign. He may be as much for the pools and the dogs as the next man. What, increasingly, he *can't* take is the idea that they represent about all that's worth thinking about or giving time to. And signs increase that he is by no means alone in this.

On a Sunday afternoon in January an enormous queue appeared, where one had never before been seen—outside the Tate Gallery in London. Eighty thousand people in three weeks pressed in to see the pictures of Van Gogh. "People today are tired of realism; here they find a living alternative," was the explanation of a Gallery official.

He was right. A generation after Nurse Cavell discovered that "patriotism is not enough," others of her race are finding that materialism is not enough, either. Its fog will lift if that process of discovery goes on.

And though the way back to faith and purpose leads further than to the door of an art gallery, through music and art and the whole world of the spirit thousands today are exploring a way back to the Creator of it all.

The truth is that materialism is out of date—outmoded as the gas jets and gaunt ironwork of Victorian industry. Scientifically as well as religiously, the "what isn't solid isn't real" attitude to life's phenomena has been totally discredited.

"Materialism," states a recent pamphlet on, of all things, atomic power, "has received a death-blow. Everyone knows now that things which seem so solid and hard are not really so at all. The real, lasting things are spiritual. No atomic bomb, for example, could destroy love, faith, hope, self-sacrifice, any more than you can cut a sunbeam with a sword. It is the material world which is insubstantial."

The weather forecast for all our tomorrows will be "brighter, with fog clearing and considerable periods of sunshine in all districts" when enough of us have learned that lesson.

NEXT ARTICLE: Frightened People

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A LATE-NIGHT STROLL led Douglas L. Mays to his subject for this week's cover painting. "The coffee stall was an oasis of light and cheery warmth in a drab, dark world," he says. Though it seems to Mays that coffee stalls are less popular now than before the war, he finds the same types of customer are still represented—the homing night-clubber; the soldier stopping for "a cuppa" between trains; and the muffled, wisecracking Cockney who keeps everyone amused and "never lets the silence of the night take charge."

FREE SPEECH

LOOKING BACK OVER a long lifetime (I am now in my eighty-seventh year), I know that only in the last nine of them have I known real peace and happiness—since my son was born in 1939.

I started work as a schoolmaster in Ireland in 1880. As a young man, I was hot-headed and fiery, and even when I grew older I held firm and uncompromising views on most things. Mine has been a warring life, spent in fighting for causes and beliefs.

There have been many personal tragedies. In 1931, after we had celebrated our golden wedding, my first wife (who had borne me nine children) left me. Two years later she died, and I married a woman forty years my junior. When I was seventy-seven I became a father again.

Now I live the placid, uneventful life of a jobbing gardener, and I have found happiness.—T. R. DALY, 106 Anyards Road, Cobham, Surrey.

INJUSTICE

THOUGH THE PURPOSE of the purchase tax is to reduce spending, what possible reason can there be for doubling the tax on drugs and medicines to 33⅓ per cent?

People don't buy medicines for fun; they buy them because they need them. This tax inflicts hardship on people already suffering from ill health, and should be taken off immediately.—E. A. BROCKLEHURST, M.P.S., 214 Willerby Road, Hull.

HARDSHIP

RECENTLY A SMALL PROPERTY which had belonged to my father was sold and divided among three of us, and although the title to the property was perfectly clear and there was no dispute, the solicitor's bill came to £100.

As the State requires these legal formalities every time property changes hands, is it not time they set up a non-profit-making department to handle the work, as in New Zealand?—MISS P. P., London, N.W.8. (Full name and address enclosed.)

MATRIMONY

WE HAVE WELFARE CENTRES, mothercraft clinics, citizens' advice bureaux. Why not a "Home-makers' Office" in every town? There should be some national organization to enable people wishing to meet a mate and marry to do so.

For some people stock suggestions such as "Join a club or a church or go to dances" just don't apply. But a well and discreetly managed national matrimonial organization would fill a need which thousands of people feel desperately. — STANLEY BURDEN, 1 Ambleside Drive, Headington, Oxford.

REWARD

LAST YEAR I SENT a food parcel to Germany through a relief organization. As a result my name appeared in an Adelaide newspaper list of British people who had sent parcels.

Since then we have become firm friends with a young sheep farmer who corresponds with us and also sends us food parcels. It's a case of a charitable action getting a rich reward. — MRS. E. A. WHITE, 33 West Street, Stratford-on-Avon.

Real happiness at last: eighty-seven year old Mr. T. R. Daly and his nine-year-old son

P.S. *On Dukes; Miners' Pay; Queue Chatter; and Tips to Elopers from a Grandfather*

I AM NO CHAMPION of the Dukes, but I do think that Tom Cornwall's article "Dukes in Distress" (JOHN BULL, January 17), was unworthy of your paper, because, in my view, it was based on an attitude which does great injustice to a small minority.

Some people seem to watch with apparent glee while our landed gentry are taxed out of existence, but are content at the same time to let our national heritage fall into the clutches of shady land speculators. —C. W. S., Tunbridge Wells. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Departed Ducal Glory

TOM CORNWALL'S ARTICLE, "Dukes in Distress," was, I think, the most interesting feature I have seen for a long time.

The author managed to preserve a fine historical perspective in writing of these hereditary rulers and their departed glory.

The illustrations of the family crests and details of lineage were splendid.—K. S., Harrogate. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Miners' Money

IN YOUR LEADER, "Praise the Miners" (JOHN BULL, January 3), you state that the increase in the price of coal at the pit-head by half a crown a ton is to pay for the rise in wages awarded to miners.

That same week a national daily newspaper stated that the pit-head price of coal had risen by 6s. 6d. per ton in the past year and that only 1s. 2d. of this increase is being paid in higher wages to the miners. How can the two statements be reconciled?—R. BACHELOR, 208 Derby Road, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.

∴ *Though price of coal has risen by 6s. 6d. per ton over past year, the increase since the New Year has been 2s. 6d., as stated in our Leader. Of this figure alone, 1s. 7d. goes in pay increases. Although exact figures are not available for the whole year, the National Coal Board states that* JOHN BULL'S *over-all figure of a half-crown pay increase per ton is "reasonable."* —EDITOR.

No Trouble at All

IN "FREE SPEECH" last year a JOHN BULL reader pointed out that components of Swedish timber-built houses had been lying idle in this village for two years.

The publicity certainly stirred things up, and now the first eight dwellings are almost ready for occupation.

Congratulations, JOHN BULL, on getting a good job of work done.—H. S., near Bridport, Dorset. (Full name and address enclosed.)

It's Being so Chatty . . .

YOUR CORRESPONDENT Mr. F. Jennings complains of women queuers chattering too much (JOHN BULL, January 17).

I don't ever want to see the day when we can't find time for a little chat at the counter or in the queues. It's these little chats that help us to forget we have been standing so long.—MRS. R. CROSSMAN, 20 Milton Rise, Weston-super-Mare.

. . . That Keeps Them Going

AS A SHOP ASSISTANT I know just how much a kindly word can help women weary from queueing. Few women in Yorkshire actually "chatter" at the counter, or carry on a conversation too long, but I certainly do not rush my customers or answer any question uncivilly.

Please don't print my name as any person inclined to chatter may take it as an encouragement to trade at my shop. — SHOP ASSISTANT, Bradford. (Full name and address enclosed.)

It Happened in 1902

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, "Fond Memory," who wrote to say that her parents had ruined her romance (JOHN BULL, January 3), should be told that "Lack of spirit never held likely lad," just as surely as "Faint heart never won fair lady."

My wife's people, too, prohibited any suitors. So my letters went to a friendly shopkeeper, who passed them on. We met regularly and when I was twenty-one we were quietly married. Shortly afterwards I got a job one hundred and fifty miles away. Two months later my wife joined me, and she wrote and told her parents the truth.

After forty-six years we both consider our elopement to have been the best job we ever did.—GRANDFATHER, Sheffield. (Full name and address enclosed.)

The Old Look

MRS. TALBOT'S account (JOHN BULL, January 3) of how, through the years, she has made other garments out of a 1929 coat, was interesting.

My little girl wears a woollen cardigan which came from my grandmother's nightgown. The kilt she wears with it is from one of grandmother's petticoats, and I have made her a cycling jacket with hood from a woollen cape which was also grandmother's. The material is over eighty years old.—MRS. M. E. SHIRES, 32 Westfield Road, Rugby.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean the Editor has overlooked them. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

WEST COUNTRY

(1) Which came first, the village of Westward Ho! or the novel of the same name? (2) Which cities are known as the London of the West, the Queen of the West? (3) Which author, known as "Q," wrote books about the West (e.g. *The Delectable Duchy*)? (4) Which town is famed for its cheese and its nearby gorge?

WOMEN IN SONGS

Who was the woman in the song who: (1) Was holy, fair and wise? (2) Wore number nine shoes? (3) Made every youth cry "Well-a-way"? (4) Was always dancing on the village green?

ADDRESSES

Can you sort out the four sets of continent-country-city-district from this list: Rondebosch, Paris, India, America, Asia, Hollywood, Garden Reach, Union of South Africa, France, U.S.A., Capetown, Montmartre, Europe, Africa, Los Angeles, Calcutta?

CHEESE

(1) What is rennet used for in cheese-making? (2) What is green cheese, and is it green? (3) Which of these contain cheese: cheese-cakes, cheese straws, lemon cheese? (4) What is the name of the round Dutch cheeses seen before the war?

(Answers on page 18)

with my feet up

I Resolve . . .

WHEN I OPENED the envelope, a slip of paper fell out with "Put It Out" printed across it. At first I thought it meant the cat. On looking inside the folder, I discovered it was issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power.

It began, "I resolve . . ." and there was a space at the end for my signature. Then I realized the snag. It didn't give any idea what I was to do with it when I had signed it.

It seemed pointless to sign the paper and then throw it away. Or was I to send it to Mr. Gaitskell? Or to the Gas Light and Coke Co.?

The first thing I had to resolve was to heat only enough water for immediate needs. I realized that this was not aimed at me. Heating gallons of water just for fun has never been a vice of mine.

* * *

The leaflet also asks me to promise to use electricity and gas only outside peak hours. I don't get it.

Take the morning peak hours, for instance. Does the Ministry expect me to sign a paper condemning me to have breakfast in the middle of the afternoon? Well, I won't.

And what about the peak hour in the afternoon when everyone in the country wants a nice cup of tea. I warn the Ministry that, for me at any rate, a nice cup of tea at 4 a.m. is not at all the same as a nice cup of tea at 4 p.m.

I hope this idea of getting the public to sign promises won't spread. But you know how infectious things are in the Civil Service.

I can see myself getting papers saying, "I resolve not to get my shoes mended for at least another six months," or "I resolve not to wash more than once every three days in order to save soap," or "I promise to be a good boy and to eat up every scrap of lovely snoek sausage."

Finally, I expect the Ministry of Something-or-Other will get the bright idea of getting people to sign a paper saying, "I will never say nasty, spiteful things about the Ministry of Something-or-Other."

by Ian Fox

DREAMING OF A WHITE SALE

by KAY SMALLSHAW

Women's D-Day, London, January, 1948. Austerity makes the scene exceptional—and, anyway, new selling ideas may end the habit

LOOKING AT MY disintegrating pillowslips, that simply must be relegated to the ragbag, I long for the days of the White Sale.

Do you remember those gigantic shopping sprees of less than ten years ago? They followed close on the January debauches, but were much milder in every way. I don't think they attracted great queues, or called for extra policemen to control the scrimmaging bargain-hunters.

But to the prudent housekeeper, who knew her shops and their wares, they were quite a good thing. Some of the lines offered in the thick white catalogues, usually embellished with slogans printed in green, instead of the more strident red of the January catalogues, showed an appreciable saving.

Towels, Linen, Soap!

Like many other women, I reckoned to make good deficiencies in bath towels, kitchen cloths and bed linen. If there was money to spare I would also stock up on the "bruised scented soap" that was usually offered at a discount during this "February House Event," as the advertisements called it.

What I liked about the White Sales was practically all the merchandise being fresh and new, not shop-soiled or out of date. Firms gave large orders to the mills or wholesalers (depending on their size), for special lines. Very often these "lines" were almost identical with regular stock, but the profit was cut a little for the sake of a large turnover.

One didn't get sensational reductions in the White Sales, but a ten per cent saving on reliable goods, with more on slightly soiled afternoon tea cloths or down quilts, was not to be sneezed at.

I wonder whether sales, in all their prewar ballyhoo, will ever come back. Even before rationing and short supplies made them impossible, except on the more modest scale we saw last month, there were two schools of thought as to their value.

The twice-yearly "clearance" sale had a double purpose. On the one hand, the object was to clear out, at a reduced profit, or even at a loss, goods that had been in stock too long and so had lost their freshness or appeal. At the same time, it was an attempt to bring in business at a slack period.

Throughout the summer months, buyers began to make plans for special lines that would bring in a large January post trade, as well as attracting the personal shopper. Manufacturers, in order to get the substantial order that resulted from a "catalogue line," would go all out and cut prices.

Sometimes quality suffered. The word "genuine" was overworked in the advertisements for the big sales, and women who had previously believed everything began to be wary.

During the twenties, two medium-sized London stores embarked on a fresh trading policy. Goods were not held up for sale time. Instead, merchandise that became out of date or soiled was reduced and cleared out as soon as possible.

Sell—Even at a Loss

Behind the new policy was the following reasoning:

A shopkeeper, large or small, can only make money on things that *sell*. Those that stay on the shelves and take a long time to move are unproductive. Rather than hold such goods that do not "earn their keep," it is better business to slash the price and sell at a smaller profit, or even at a loss. The stock can then be replenished with something fresh that may sell more quickly, and make money.

One of the originators of the policy was an American store, Filene's of Boston.

As Filene's worked it out, everything coming into the store was given an estimated "life" and marked accordingly. If, at the end of the period, the stuff was still there, it was marked down in price. The "life" given depended on the fashion or seasonal qualities of the article. A model hat would be assessed at three weeks; other clothes at anything up to two months; household goods rather longer.

If the first price reduction failed to shift the offender, it was further reduced, this time after a shorter interval.

Down to the Basement

Three reductions were allowed in all. By the end of the season— and before in the case of fashion items—anything unsold was swept into the bargain basement where a kind of perpetual sale was in progress. Here the greatly reduced goods were rarely unsold after a few days. If they were, however, they had a quick end. Without further ado they were given away.

Filene's methods were not slavishly followed by the London shops, but the general principle of the importance of a rapid rate of stock turnover was adopted. If a business is successful in turning over its stock quickly, the "S.P.Q.R." (small profits and quick returns) policy can be applied with advantage to both customer and trader.

The successful chain stores which have a name for value operate on similar lines.

Chain stores and speciality shops have, of course, one very big advantage over the department store. The former can pick profitable departments only. The latter must be all-providing and give "service," often at a high cost to themselves. This cost must, in turn, be passed on to the customer, in one form or another.

Some people prefer to shop in style, and pay rather more. Others look for value without the frills.

It will be interesting to see which way public taste turns when the supply of goods becomes normal again.

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

"Strange," he thought, "how clothes level 'em up. I had no idea she was like that"

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR SECRETARY

by FRANK BOYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

He was all for letting others hold the baby, but he hadn't reckoned with Miss Sheppard

ALLAN ACKROYD moved forcefully through the morning office-going throng of High Holborn like a liner through river traffic on its way to its dock. He did not steer; a straight lane was opened up before him.

Though he hated carrying things, on this warm summer morning he swung a felt hat in his hand, letting the sun kiss the freckled skin of his head, showing through greyish wisps of hair. The jacket of his hard-wearing, dark grey barathea suit was flapping open as though on hinges.

On he went, puffing out clouds of smoke from his pipe as he dwelt upon a private and personal D-Day which was but two days away. And then he was brought up sharply as one of the smaller craft *did* get in the way just where the Borough of Holborn water tank had washed its gutter spray over the pavement. His rubber heel tips, unused to lubrication in such a long spell of dry weather, allowed him to slip about six inches and to collide with the dawdler.

"Why can't you loo-k where you're going!"

"Sorry!" said the man, and passed on.

There was a touch of the lilt of J. B. Priestley in Ackroyd's deep, fruity voice, confirming the origin of the word "loo-k" although he had been away from his native heath for twenty years.

Stupid idiot, he thought. To gape in one direction and walk in another. Just the sort of chap who not only had no aim in life but allowed life to grow up round him, trap and imprison him. Like so many others. . . . They get married before they can really afford it, start buying a house and rearing a family, putting themselves in a position where they are *afraid* to do anything enterprising or out of the rut in case it fails. Then they moan about their lot and expect the Government to do everything for them. He stepped carefully over the wet patch and went on.

Good job he hadn't married. Or was it? Would it have made any difference to his progress if he *had* married Nancy twenty years ago? No. He was sure of that. She had said he was kind and conscientious. He had liked the "kind" part all right, but women preferred romance to conscientiousness and she had married a Rudolph Valentino sort of a chap called George Bishop and gone to live in Cornwall.

What a long time ago that was! Who did girls fall for these days? He had no idea. He never went to the pictures.

HE smiled grimly at the idea of all the people in this bustling throng accepting their post-war lot of restriction, rationing, taxation and, when the winter came, cold rooms and electricity cuts. And they'd put up with it while he . . . he would be out of it all.

He had seen the red light. *He* had planned his own future environment and conditions. *He* would not any longer accept the struggle here.

At the office they were all under the impression that he was off tomorrow on a month's holiday to the Channel Islands. He was going by air. He was travelling by air, all right, but two days *after* tomorrow when he had cleared up a few things—and he wouldn't be seeing anything of the Channel Islands either.

After all, it was through *his* enterprise and drive that the firm stood where it did today. He was going to take his due. It would not break the firm. It would simply mean that the shareholders would have to wait for their

money. Somebody else could work hard. Somebody else could hold the baby.

Besides, Miss Sheppard was becoming too darned possessive and big for her shoes these days. Specially since he had given her Miss Wyles to answer the buzzer and to do the fetching and carrying. Miss Wyles was thus a sort of under-secretary to the secretary to the secretary of a firm with twenty mills in the North and an office in every large town in the country. *He* had really built it all up over twenty years.

Where was it going to end, by gum? Just because Miss Sheppard had been there for fifteen years and knew the whole set-up, she was beginning to tell *him* what to do.

No, madam, there had only been one woman in his life and that was Nancy, and, in any case, he was out beyond that silly stage now. He'd have nothing to do with 'em. Not that *she* was making him run away. He was just browned off with the whole shoot.

He was going to a place where there was little income tax, no restrictions, no rationing, no women secretaries, and where money talked. Only when he failed to return would they begin to question. It might be months before they realized what had happened—and first offenders, with their single crimes, always baffled the police.

Soon now he would reach his office. Well! All he had to do today was to dictate a few letters, sort out a few things he had kept in his safe, stuff a number of additional realizable securities into a briefcase this evening and walk out with it—quite a natural thing to do. The other members of the Board and the staff, including the secretaries, could then carry on. It was all theirs—what was left of it.

At that moment he was pulled up short once again; this time with a gasp of pain. A tall, black-haired, slim young woman in a dark coat and holding a white bundle had suddenly turned away from a shop window and crashed into him. The baby did not suffer, for the woman's arms were stiff, resisting the collision. It was their jab into his midriff that hurt.

The bundle seemed to be falling. Involuntarily he grabbed it and his hat dropped to the pavement. She stooped to pick it up as he watched her, dumbfounded. Never before had he seen a woman so much resembling his once-loved Nancy. His hesitation was his undoing. She placed his hat upon his head, murmured in a pleasant voice, "Thank you, *do* look after him," and vanished round a corner.

"Hi! Con-found you!" he shouted, and lumbered after her just in time to see an ankle disappearing into a car, which was already sliding away into a cross street. He failed even to get the number.

The getaway appeared to have been as neatly planned as he hoped his own would be.

Ackroyd became conscious of the stares of a gathering crowd. He looked round in despair and then, suddenly making up his mind, ploughed his way through the grinning men to his office entrance.

"George," he said to the sergeant as he strode into the lobby, "get me up to my room quickly."

"Er . . . yes, sir." George, goggle-eyed, ran ahead to the lift and opened the gates. As they went up Ackroyd explained: "Some con-founded young woman dumped this into my arms just outside here and ran away."

"Don't you know who she was, sir?"

"Of course I don't."

"You'll have to tell the police."

"I'll fix that when I get inside, if I *can* before it starts howling."

They reached the fourth floor and

"I can't understand why you don't just eavesdrop like any ordinary woman!"

Ackroyd made his office without being seen. He moved swiftly over the thick carpet, laid the bundle on a wide lounge chair reserved for visitors, and jammed his finger on his secretary's buzzer.

It was Miss Wyles, the under-secretary, plump, round-faced and wearing plastic-framed spectacles to match her general blondeness, who came in. "Good morning, Mr. Ackroyd," she said cheerfully.

"Good morning, my foot," he replied. "Look at that!"

"What is it?"

"Can't you see? It's a baby."

"A baby, Mr. Ackroyd?"

"Yes, yes. A baby."

Everybody knew that Ackroyd was a confirmed bachelor and Miss Wyles's rather slow-moving brain couldn't make head or tail of this. She just stood there with magnificent wide blue eyes and all sorts of questions hovering on her full lips, so Ackroyd told her the story. He added that the young woman had said "him," so it must be a boy.

She crept up to the bundle with Ackroyd behind, moved the closely fitting bonnet and stood back again. A wide face with smiling grey eyes looked up at them with the unmistakable expression of a boy of nine months who knows all the answers.

"Mum, mum!" he said.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Wyles.

"Dad, dad!" he said.

"Isn't he a darling?" said Miss Wyles.

Ackroyd asked, "Do you know anything about babies?"

"*I* don't, but Miss Sheppard has a nephew about this age. She looks after him sometimes in the evening so that her sister can go out."

"Miss Sheppard!" Ackroyd groaned inwardly.

"Yes, sir."

The baby added, "Waaa. . . ."

"Bring her in. Bring her in, then."

Miss Sheppard came in ahead of Miss Wyles. She was a darkish, hazel eyed, competent looking woman of about thirty-five and only four inches shorter than Ackroyd himself.

"Morning, Mr. Ackroyd. What's this about a baby?"

He told her the story.

"Haven't you any idea who she was?" she asked.

"Not the slightest, except, perhaps. . . ."

"She might have looked like somebody you knew, you think?"

What a know-all the woman was becoming. "Well . . . er . . . yes. She looked a bit like that old friend of mine." He waved his arm to the mantelpiece, where stood the only photograph he had in the room. "When she was *young*, of course."

"Can't you find out?"

"Waaa!" said the baby. Miss Sheppard walked over to it and, after a cursory examination, said: "I think I ought to take him outside."

"Outside? What for?" demanded Ackroyd — but he finished with an "Oh!"

"Come on, my lad. Miss Sheppard took the bundle and they left Ackroyd alone.

The clatter of typewriters in the outer office ceased. It was deadly quiet The news was being promulgated.

Ackroyd sank into his chair and stared fixedly at the safe. "What the devil am I going to do now?" he thought.

The whole thing would be absurdly simple for any other person. One would simply inform the police; they would do the rest. But just now he had no wish to see the police. He did not want them in this room, and he had no desire to visit them at the police station. Nothing abnormal had been done yet. But this incident might stimulate an interest in him that otherwise they would not have. And suppose he asked Miss Sheppard, or, through her, her sister, to look after the child tonight—and then slipped away on the plane without seeing them again? That wouldn't do, either. No rational person would leave a situation like this in the air and go away on a *holiday*. It would rouse suspicion at once.

"This has caught me on the wrong foot," he said, as he pushed himself in his chair away from his desk and got up to pace the room.

He stopped before the picture of Nancy. There was no doubt that the girl who had handed him the child was the spit image of Nancy when she was young. Was that just a simple coincidence, or was there an alternative and wildly fantastic coincidence behind it? Could it possibly be Nancy's daughter who had parked her baby on him among all the millions of people in London?

"Can't you find out?" Miss Sheppard had asked. Yes, he could. He could find out that in a day. If it was so, he could leave without a breath of suspicion; if it wasn't then he would have to go to the police and, maybe, postpone his getaway. He would have to get Miss Sheppard's assistance, darn it, but that couldn't be helped.

He tackled her as soon as they came back with the baby.

"It's a good idea of yours, Miss Sheppard, about finding out if it's anything to do with my old friend, but it's a long way to Cornwall and I was supposed to be going on holiday tomorrow."

She looked up like a mother from the bundle she was holding:

"Well! You could tell the police."

"Er . . . yes, but I didn't want to do that if there's any hope."

"I should think *not*."

"Would you oblige me by coming down to Cornwall tomorrow to carry it, and would your sister take it in tonight, do you think?"

Miss Sheppard rocked on her feet for a moment: "Yes," she mused, "it would be a change." Then briskly, "I'll just ring up my sister."

A taxi took her and the grey-eyed boy out to the suburbs.

Ackroyd met her early next morning at Paddington and led her, the baby and a bag full of feeding bottles, Thermos flasks and napkins, to a first-class carriage.

They arrived in the West in the afternoon of a lovely day, and he settled them both on the beach in shaded deckchairs while he pursued his inquiries round the town.

Yes, the girl at the post office, after ringing the sorting office at the back, confirmed that there was a Mrs. Bishop who ran a boarding-house on the front. She had been there for many years. Ackroyd's spirits rose for the first time for two days. The spanner would be extracted from the works.

He dismissed his taxi and walked through the wide-open door of a rather scruffy-looking "Seaview." A tall woman came through a green baize door at the back. "Mrs. Bishop," he asked, knowing full well it was Nancy. The

Continued on page 21

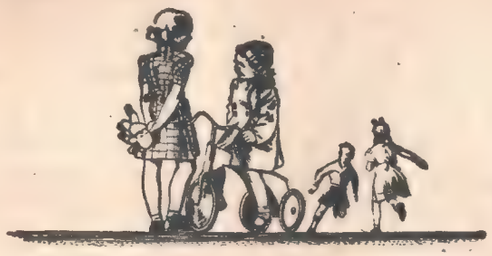
Answers to Quiz on Page 15

WEST COUNTRY. (1) The novel. (2) Bristol, Bath. (3) Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. (4) Cheddar.

WOMEN IN SONGS. (1) Silvia. (2) Clementine. (3) Barbara Allen. (4) Angeline.

ADDRESSES. (1) America, U.S.A., Los Angeles, Hollywood. (2) Asia, India, Calcutta, Garden Reach. (3) Europe, France, Paris, Montmartre. (4) Africa, Union of South Africa, Capetown, Rondebosch.

CHEESE. (1) To curdle the milk. (2) Cheese not yet dried; no, except in the sense of unripe. (3) Only cheese straws. (4) Edam.



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Schweppervescence lasts
the whole drink through

Continued from page 18

same black hair and eyes; the cool, almost calculating regard, but what a difference! Fat, untidy, hard-jawed. . . .

She looked at him for quite a long time before she said: "Ee! It's Ullen Uckroyd. Wheer've you been all these years? Don't tell me you've coom for a roo-m."

"Not exactly, Nancy. . . ." And he told her the story, ending with: "So I thought it might be the son of a daughter of yours."

"I 'ad a daughter," she said, "and she married an actor chap who was playing here, but if she 'ad a kid she can keep it. She hated me keeping boarding-house to get a living since George left me. She wouldn't lift a finger to help, so she can look after her own children *if* she has any."

ACKROYD backed out as soon as he could. The spanner was back in the works. He walked back, furiously, to Miss Sheppard and the baby.

"How did you get on?" she asked, and he told her.

"The heartless wretch!" said Miss Sheppard. "That's your Nancy for you."

He had no reply to this flippancy. He agreed in principle with the implication and was humiliated. He gently lifted the sleeping boy from the second chair and placed him on a rug on the sand in the shadow. Then he flopped into the canvas without a word.

"What a glorious spot!" murmured Miss Sheppard and, as he did not reply, added louder, "What do we do next?"

"We'll have to go back," answered Ackroyd decisively.

". . . and give the boy to the police?"

"I suppose so."

She turned her head his way: "You're worried to death, aren't you, Mr. Ackroyd?"

"Not at all. Why should I be?"

"Coming down here on a million-to-one chance just because you didn't want to go to the police!"

"Eh?" he looked round in surprise. "That doesn't worry me."

"Oh, yes, it does. You're trying to get rid of this baby without going to the police before you leave on your holiday and you just don't know what to do."

"Con-found it, woman—you're being impertinent."

"I'm trying to help you. I've been working with you every working day for fifteen years, and I know pretty well how you think."

"Well, you don't know how I'm thinking this time, young woman."

"You needn't 'young woman' me. I'm old enough to be your . . . er . . . oh, Lord, you do want looking after."

HE rolled his body round with difficulty in the canvas and looked at her with bulging eyes. Hers were dancing with fun.

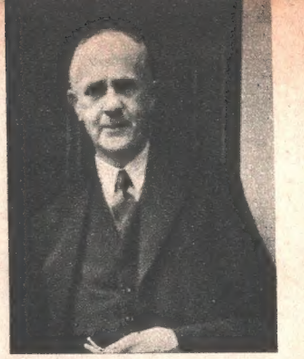
"Of all the infernal brass-neck!" he exploded. "Just because you've done me a favour . . . just because we're away from the office atmosphere, you . . . you . . . *gaw!*"

She laughed and stood up: "I'm dying for a cup of tea, and I expect you are. Can you keep your eye on this young man a minute, and I'll get them from the stall there?"

She picked up her bag and stood slap in front of his chair. "Look, Mr. Ackroyd," she said, "this is a long shot but worth it. While I'm away perhaps you'll think out why you told me, your secretary, that you were going to the Channel Islands for a holiday and yet booked with Pan American Airways to the Argentine, where you yourself arranged for most of the firm's dollar credits to be at the moment. Why your safe has interested you recently, and now all this being scared of going to the police. It

Continued on page 22

EMIGRATION? NOT FOR HIM!



Few minutes' thought won Railwayman £300

TENS of thousands of young Britons are waiting to leave for new homes in the Dominions, seeking a new life with fresh opportunities and a share in the development of the Commonwealth.

But for most of us, battling for Britain's economic existence, the Old Country, so rich in memories, is good enough. So thought reader J. Ormerod, 17 Winster Avenue, Stretford, when busy with his *Bullets* hobby recently. In a few minutes he had expressed that idea in the telling First Prize *Bullet*, THIS OLD COUNTRY—HOLDS MEMORIES—AND ME!

A £300 cheque and free Celebration Week-end in London for two were this fifty-seven years old railway clerk's reward. Before you today is a record £1,000 Easter Offer of 101 cheques, headed by *double* the First Prize cash won by Mr. Ormerod. That coupon below can bring this fine doubled First to *you* — post it by Monday, February 16!

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1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated March 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Britain's Record
Price Of Prosperity
The New Look
Savings Umbrella
Hole We're In
Life's Cake
It's A Struggle, But
Misguided Man
At Heart
Glutton For Work
Overcome
Only A Baby
Drink
At Auntie's Seance
Moaning And Groaning
Heaven Only Knows
Doesn't Do
In Our Prefab
The Best Of It
When He Kissed Her

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

For All Our.....
When Nobody .....
Heaps Of.....
Glad To .....
"It Can't Be .....!"
.....Had A Go And

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

EX. .....

B. _____

EX. .....

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EX. .....

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EX. .....

B _____

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"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,612

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Mystery Presentation: W. Harrison, 3 Severn Street, Chopwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne: DOGGED DETERMINATION—MAKING "HURDLER" OF "BULLDOG"!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: Nurse F. A. Wood, 57 Hercus Loan, Musselburgh: IN THE WORLD TODAY—"*Take* AND TAKE" SPIRIT.

THIRD PRIZE, £10: A. R. Tribe, 46 Winstanley Road, Portsmouth: TORCH OF PROGRESS—LEADING SPRING'S PAGEANT, CROCUS.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: O. Paulson, 2 Norfolk Street, Manchester, 2: ON BENDED KNEES—AT *Laboratory Keyholes*, NATIONS! £8: S. S. Parfitt, 49 Allen Street, Mountain Ash: HURRY UP, MR. PLUMBER — WATER-RAT'S FETCHING *His* MATE! £7: S. Morgan, 100 Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff: IN THE WORLD TODAY—*Posterity's* ANCESTORS "UP TREE." £6: Miss D. Burrows, Church Cottage, Acol, Birchington-on-Sea: ROARING LION—BUT "DOING TRICK," FOREMAN.

FIVE OF £5: H. Barnes, 14 Arthur Avenue, Warsley Road, Farnworth: MOTHER LAUGHED, BUT—COULDN'T MAKE DOCTOR SMILE. A. W. Carris, 115 Endbutt Lane, Liverpool, 23: TORCH OF PROGRESS—NEARER TO LORDS' WHISKERS! F. Nixon, 23 Bow Street, Middlesbrough: TOUCH AND GO—SONNY EYEING "DON'T TOUCH!" C. Smith, 7 Brook Street, Snodland: ROARING LION—FATHER—TAIL IN LAUNDRY! Mrs. F. Smith, Little Acre, Layters Avenue, Chalfont St. Peter: CHERISHED—*Passport* PHOTO—THAT'S *Love*!

50 "Bullets" Seasons and 1,948 New "Good Shots" have been posted.

Cash and Parcels

THIS WEEK—VALUE UP TO £100 First Prize

Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up— Big Surprise Parcel from Selfridges with each prize value £1 or over.

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues **XWORD 568**

2. After weary, sleepless night, this doesn't help much
4. Usually, when a woman's tired, she looks this
5. This means a certain depression
6. Bright one will reflect
8. Seaside holiday may do more good than
11. Period of full employment will give majority of men this
13. Is a kind of centre
14. The world never remains this for long
15. This may be a fast one

Down Clues

1. Has weathered stormy passages
3. Big this may perhaps give sportsman attack of nerves, particularly when in act of shooting
7. Is likely to drift on to rocks without proper direction
9. Great many writers of invective do this
10. One usually doesn't want to whitewash
12. Sometimes one may bicker over stones

7 BIG CHEQUES WON

XWORD 564

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Hard. 3, Golf. 6, Hang. 10, Wide. 12, Fire. 13, Net. 14, Games. DOWN: 1, Half. 2, Roofs. 4, Find. 5, Party. 7, Sex. 8, Trucks. 9, Twig. 11, Prig.

SEVEN £100 SHARERS: C. H. Bagnall, Birmingham, 21; R. J. Cox, Wells; W. L. Dann, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mrs. S. J. Lawson, Briercliffe, Burnley; H. J. Lee, Egham; Mrs. N. Mason, Coventry; J. G. Morley, Highams Park, E.4. Winners receive Surprise Parcels in addition.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 70 entrants.

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4	A	D	E	D	■	I	■	P	A	
■	I	E	■	5 D	■	L	E	■	■	
6	L	A	7 S	S	■	■	A	P	E	
■	■	■	■	■	8	9 A	R	M	■	
10	■	11 J	O	■	■	■	■	■	12	
A	L	E	W	■	13	U	B	■	R	
I	O	U	■	O	■	S	A	G	O	
N	U	■	14 S	A	■	E	■	N	O	
15 T	R	■	C	K	568	A	U	K		

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 28.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

568 Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 16

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AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

HALF A LUMP ALL ROUND

"Still, *everybody* gets half a one," retorted the housewife

"FOUR LUMPS," said the prosperous-looking man in the bus queue. "Four lumps of sugar in my tea. It may sound a lot, but I always had it in the old days. I need it. Can you wonder that I'm anti-Labour? With your Government in power, I can't get even *one*!"

"Still, *everybody* gets half a one," said the not-so-prosperous-looking housewife, as if trying to soothe a fractious child.

"But I'm *not* everybody!" exclaimed the man. "That's what you Labour people can't see. It's all very well for people who haven't been used to anything better. But I have. I resent it. We all resent it."

Then the bus came along, and broke it up. The "we all," I supposed, referred to the prewar well-to-do. On the whole, I thought he'd summed up their feelings fairly accurately.

Resentment — bitter resentment against the present Government—is, at the moment, the strongest common feeling of his kind.

Not So Polite Now

I've forgotten who said: "The rich will do everything for the poor except get off their backs."

But I've come nearer to believing it since we've had a Labour Government than ever before. The "upper," "better," "richer" classes have certainly dropped a lot of the old *noblesse oblige* since the last election. The one-time "polite" classes are rapidly becoming the impolite. Some have turned positively savage.

I can understand how they feel, even if I don't share their feelings. Of course, in this century, you could never divide the British accurately into the "rich" and the "poor."

In prewar days, I think most of us belonged to one of two less rigid divisions — the comfortable and the uncomfortable. If our income was above a certain level, we lived comfortably; if it was below that level, we lived uncomfortably.

The difference in money may have been only a pound or two a week. But, in our way of living—in our comfort and discomfort, our happiness and unhappiness — those few pounds made all the difference.

For the first twenty-five years of my life, I belonged to the *un*comfortable classes. Perhaps that made me a Socialist — though I like to think that if my empty belly made me a Socialist in the early, uncomfortable years, my sense of justice compelled me to stay a Socialist in the more comfortable ones that followed.

I shall never forget how it felt to change my financial status. I did it in a lucky jump. One week, I was a member of the uncomfortable classes —and apparently a permanent member. The next, I found myself lifted up into the ranks of the comfortable people. This jump followed the publication of my first book.

I didn't make a fortune out of the book, or anything like a fortune. But, if I went into a restaurant, I was no longer compelled to order the cheapest item on the menu. I could safely order anything I fancied, knowing I could pay for it.

There was no longer any need to wear a pair of boots until they started to let the water in. I could even have several pairs of boots at once if I fancied them. If I missed the last bus, I no longer had to walk home. I could afford a taxi.

But my delight in it didn't last very long. Once I'd experienced for myself the enormous difference made by those few extra pounds, I wanted my friends to have the same experience. And, of course, they couldn't. They were still where they'd always been.

Losing the Old Comradeship

We were still the same people; but I now lived in comfort while the others continued to live in discomfort. We could never feel the old free and easy comradeship.

I finally came to the conclusion that the only people who could feel *spiritually* comfortable in my position were those who believed they were superior beings—made of a finer clay—and so born with a *right* to have more of the luxuries of life than the mass of their fellow men.

And that, of course, was what many of the middle classes really did believe.

Maybe I could have kidded myself into believing it, too—given sufficient time. But I didn't get that time. The outbreak of war, rationing, heavier taxation and the rest put an end to the most glaring differences between the two ways of living.

The professional man and the salary-earner, the so-called middle classes, have come tumbling down a long, long way since those prewar days. The wage-earners, the so-called working classes, have risen up a little way.

So there's no longer the old enormous gulf.

Can't Feel Sorry for Them

A lot of the blame—or the credit—for this, undoubtedly rests on the shoulders of the present Government, especially in the matter of rationing and taxation.

And it's quite natural that the men and women who've been able to kid themselves that they are superior people, and therefore entitled by birth or education to have the first pick at life's little luxuries, should now feel such bitter resentment.

I can sympathize with them, but I can't feel sorry for them. Like the housewife in the bus queue, I feel it's far more important that everyone should get half a lump of sugar than that any one person, or group of persons, however superior and however deserving, should get four lumps.

I may be wrong, of course. The whole Socialist policy may be wrong. It may be impossible to run a successful human society on the basis of fair shares for all. Human nature may not be capable of rising to such heights.

But I think that in trying to reach those heights, we've started on one of the most glorious adventures mankind has ever attempted.

Continued from page 21

seems to be adding up to something. Now for some tea." She went off up the beach.

So far as his tense anger would allow, Ackroyd folded up in the style of a woodlouse on its back. His knees came up and his chin went down as he curved into the chair.

What a fool he had been not to take her into account? How could a secretary, knowing everything else in detail so well, not know, find out or sense a developing situation? But he had done nothing yet. If he *had* got away with it, what could she have done? He didn't like to think.

"Here you are!" It was her voice again.

He struggled to a sitting posture and took the cup, startled. She was in a bright yellow bathing suit. "I thought I'd just have a dip while he's still asleep," she said.

His knees stuck out left and right, supporting his elbows as he held and stirred his tea. He watched her run to the beach, wave back at him and dive into the water, a slender but well-shaped figure.

"Strange," he muttered, "how clothes level 'em all up. I had no idea she was like that."

Thoughtfully he stirred, and slipped back some years: "Ee! Ah don't know. P'raps it's all for the best!"

He fixed the two of them up for the night in a small hotel, a drawer making a cradle for the child; and he stayed elsewhere to think.

When they arrived at the office next afternoon, Miss Sheppard typed out a statement of name, address, time and date of the baby-finding. He signed and she witnessed it. With that and the baby she left to go to the police station.

The taxi drove out, however into the suburbs. Miss Sheppard took the baby to her sister who said, when she opened the door, "How was he?"

"Good as gold the whole time," Miss Sheppard replied. "It was so sweet of you to lend him."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Ambulance Club

WHAT will happen to private ambulance services when the National Health Service Act comes into operation next July? A reader writes:

"We run a local ambulance club with about 2,000 members. For an annual charge of 2s. 6d. we run a day and night service to any local hospital or nursing home.

"Is the Government taking over all ambulances this year? And will compensation be paid to a service such as ours?"

The Government is not taking over ambulance services, but, when the National Health Service Act comes into operation (July 5), all county councils and county borough councils will have the duty of providing free ambulance services for all sick people in their area.

These councils will have no automatic claim on existing private services, but could acquire private ambulances by agreement. They will also have the power to provide a free service by arrangement with voluntary organizations. Should this be done, the terms will be settled by agreement.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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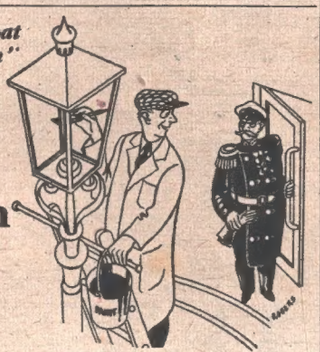

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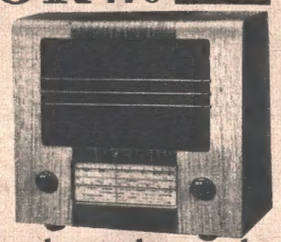

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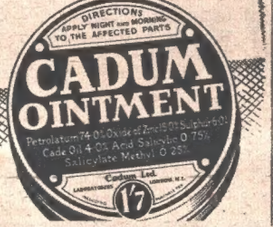

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